



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

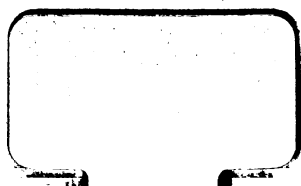
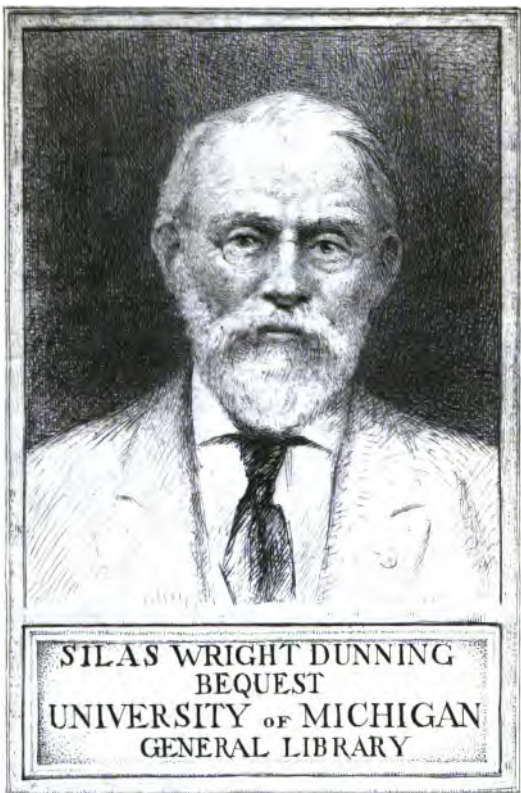
Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



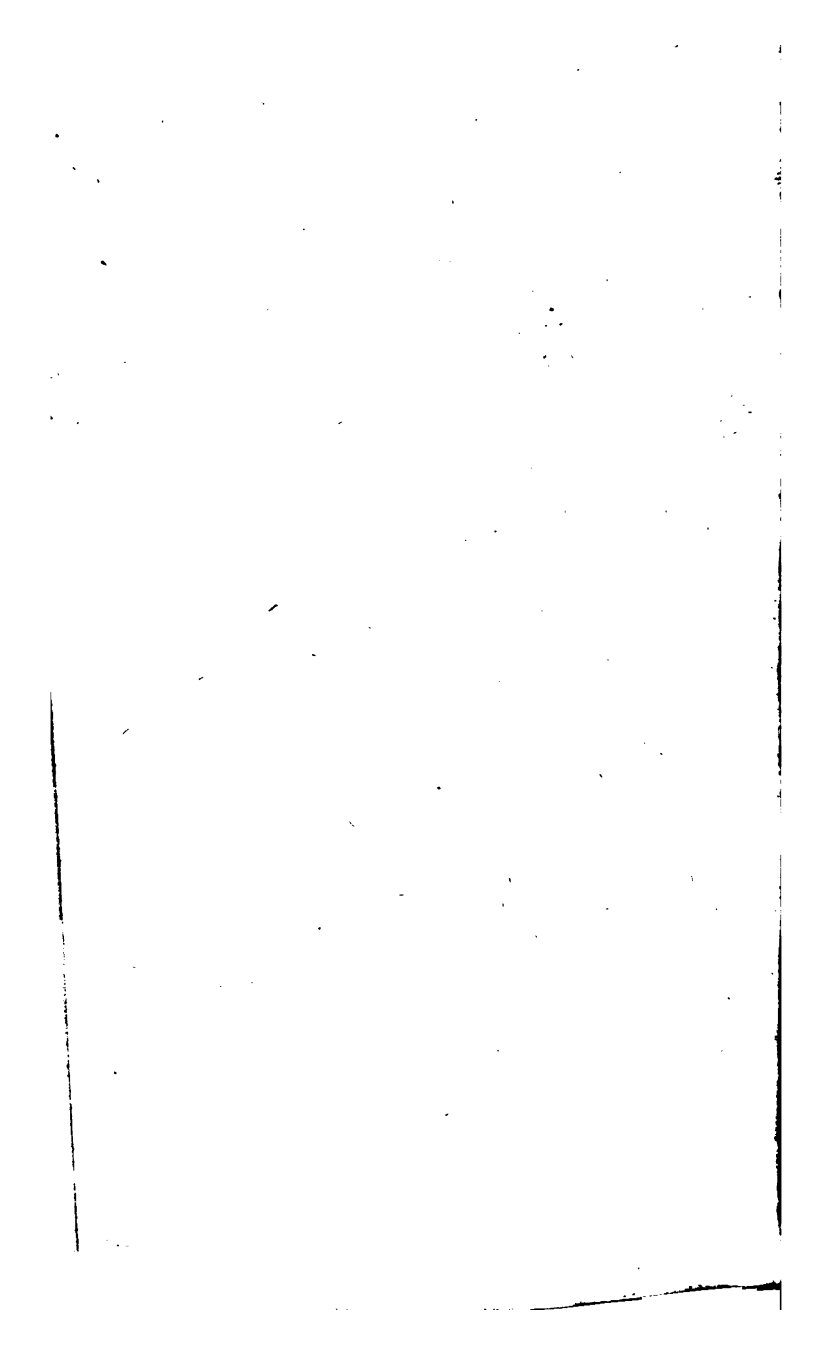
828
W1815

1796

v.1







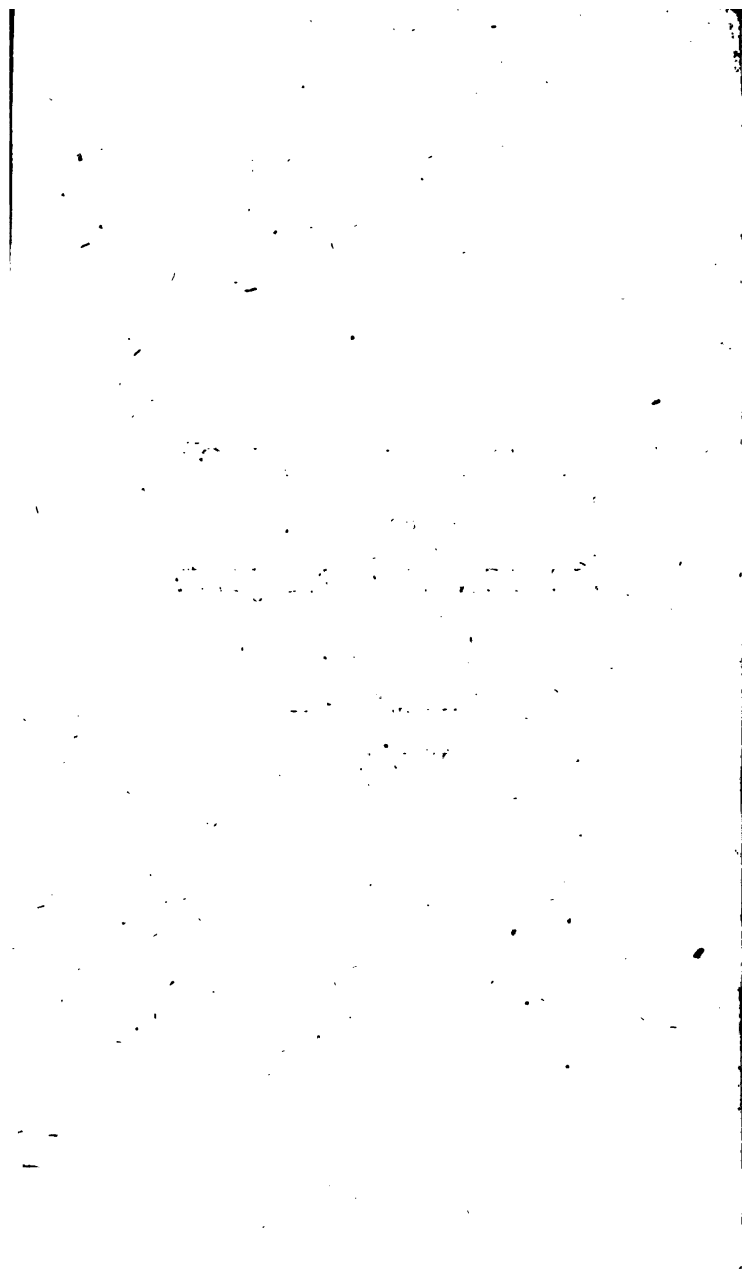
THEODORE CYPHON;

OR

THE BENEVOLENT JEW:

A NOVEL.

VOL. I.



THEODORE CYPHON;

OR

THE BENEVOLENT JEW:

A NOVEL.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

BY

GEORGE WALKER,

AUTHOR OF THE HOUSE OF TYNIAN, &c.

VOL. I.

Ah! wilt thou then recal the scene of woe,
And teach again my scalding tears to flow?
Thou know'st not how tremendous is the tale;
My brain will madden, and my utterance fail.

ANONYMOUS.

London:

PRINTED FOR B. CROSBY, NO. 4, STATIONERS
COURT, LUDGATE STREET.

1796.

44

Dunning
Bates
5-20-42
45192
3v.

PREFACE.

MR
5-23-42
②

IT has been observed a thousand times, that the Spartans caused their slaves to be intoxicated, that their children might abhor the detestable vice: so those, who would deter others from crime, must hold up example and deduce consequences. Tragedy has ever laid firmer hold on the mind than Comedy. Tragedy is therefore better adapted to impress an useful and important lesson, and create in us a desire of shunning similar practices. That the character of Theodoric and Squire Cyphon, though dark and shocking to humanity, are yet to be met with in this world of variety, Anne, Countess of Macclesfield, the *mother* of
Mr.

Mr. Savage, stands prominent as an example: and if the picture may be supposed overcharged, (and I hope at this moment there are no such characters in England) this must be attributed to the necessary defect of this species of composition, which crouds into one person the vices or virtues of many.

It has been objected, that the account of a battle was too inhuman to be true; but let those who have seen *actual* service say if I have not here softened the reality. It is the general way to say, ten or twenty thousand were killed in such a battle, but particulars are sunk, and the circumstance shortly forgot, whilst our abhorrence ought to arise, and must arise, to detestation, when minutiae are detailed. So far, alas! from having
exaggerated

exaggerated, in this point, common history will furnish precedent for every fact I have stated, and swell out the description with innumerable examples.

The design held in view, is the delineation of the effects of passion, when supported by power: and to deter from an indulgence of passion, I know not if it be possible to set its consequences in too glaring a light. As to any plea of its stimulating the rebellion of children, it cannot hold for a moment, when the train of calamity is considered, and its catastrophe known.

I have also to observe, that it is a common practice, in compliance with the feelings of a reader, to distort the natural progression of incidents; and thus it is,
that

that contrary to real life, we mostly find virtue, in the end, rewarded, and vice either punished or reformed. But I would rather the reader, at the conclusion, should say—I am shocked at the consequences of passion; I will endeavour to overcome myself, and act as I ought—than that it should be said—Well, it was very tragical; but I am glad the hero is settled at last.

THEODORE

THEODORE CYPHON.

CHAP. I.

He that has just enough can soundly sleep;
What's over, only troubles folks to keep.

RAMSAY.

IT was one dark winter night, when the wind howled along the streets of London, beating the descending rain in oblique volleys against the sides of the houses, that a short decrepid figure of a man, bowed down by years, hobbled, by the help of his stick, under a gateway, in Whitechapel, to shelter himself from the torrent at that instant falling. The night was particularly dark, the streets nearly forsaken, and the distant voice of the watchman, calling past twelve o'clock, was the only sound that broke in upon the storm.

VOL. I.

B

He

He was congratulating himself on his good fortune in finding shelter from its violence, when three men came up with a similar intention; and it being dark, and the first personage a little figure, they believed themselves unobserved; lamenting their ill luck, not having met with any success in their profession.

"I wish," cried one, with an oath, "we had a little *sky-blue* to warm us in this d——d hole. Not a fingle *nab* this whole *darkey*."

"No, by George," returned another; "we've had rum luck. I believes this *lay* won't do—I must e'en *post it* again like a gemman: and take me here, I knows Bob, and you, Dick, be no flinchers; and if I *blow the gab*, broil my soul on a gridiron."

"Mum with your jabber," cried Bob, spying the aforefaid little figure. "What have we here?"

here? (seizing him by the collar.) Come, friend, no resistance, let us divide stock."

"I'm a poor wretch," replied the figure. "I deals in no stocks. For the mercys of Heavens, spare the wretched and miserables!"

"You old rogue, what you don't think I knows ye! This is the go; here, Dick, its Shechem, the old Jew thief, as robs every body. Come, Mofes, out with the ready."

Shechem, who did not love forcible detainers, began to make resistance; calling aloud for the guardians of the night; but these gentlemen; perhaps, fearing the storm, or deafened by its noise, did not make their appearance; and poor Shechem must have delivered his encumbrances, had not his cries reached the ear of a young man, who stood up under some pent-houses, and no sooner distinguished the supplication of distress, than he hastened to relieve it.

He was not indeed armed with the tremendous club of Leo, but he held in his hand a twig of an English crab-tree, with which one of the robbers, who advanced with a threat, was brought to the ground; and though it was very dark, the voice of the Jew was sufficient to lead him to the right point.

“ Cease,” cried he, with a tone of authority; “ Cowards, begone; how dare ye attack the helpless and feeble, unless your souls are as base as your profession!”—“ He’s a Jew,” cried one; “ he’s a sneaking hound of a Jew, or d’ye see, I should have scorned to touch him.”

“ And where,” replied the stranger, “ is the distinction? Is not a Jew a man? Shame on you; take up your companion, and begone, or you shall find some other employment.”

Whether it was the specimen they had already seen of the stranger’s dexterity; whether they feared

feared the approach of the protectors of property; or that courage in a right cause carries with it something terrific to the guilty; or it might be all those reasons combined; but certain it is, those heroes of dark alleys retreated, muttering imprecations, and vowing some day yet to go partners with Shechem.

“ Give me leave, Sir,” said the young man, “ to enquire if you have received hurt from this violence, and if I can be of any farther assistance.” The Jew was sometime in replying; for he was not ready with professions of thanks and eternal gratitude, which some good Christians can profer on every occasion. At length, laying his hand upon the stranger’s arm, in a voice which fluttered, it might be from the late shock he had received—“ I know not,” said he, “ to whom I owe this interposition, for at times angels have visited men: forgive an old man, who cannot speak to thee his thanks, and

perhaps thanks from a Jew would be little acceptable. Peradventure thou mayest stand in need of a friend, then make thyself known to Shechem Benfadi, of the Minorities."

He then attempted to walk, the rain being abated to a small drizzle, but found the support of his stick inadequate, having slightly sprained his ankle, and was therefore necessitated to accept the proffered arm of the stranger. "One o'clock!" repeated the Jew, after the watchman, who had now found his way into the street. "It is a late hour; I hope I do not detain thee from thy friends, who may be alarmed at thy absence."—"No," replied the stranger, with a peculiarity of accent.

"Peradventure, thou art master of thy time; but for thy sake, I hope it is not customary with thee to be in the streets when the sons of discretion are at rest."

"I am

"I am, indeed," returned the youth, "master of my time; and my being in the streets is occasioned by my not having any place to repose in."—"Who then are thy relations? who then are thy friends?" enquired the Jew. "Hast thou disoblighed them by some youthful folly? if so, and thou hast confidence in a son of Abraham, permit me to intercede for thee."

A deep sigh and silence was the reply. The young man appeared not solicitous to burden another with his misfortunes: it may be from a supposition, that in the callous heart of a Jew he should not find a comforter. By this time they were before the door of a large house, on which was written SHECHEM BENSADI. A few steps led up to it. "I think," said the Jew, advancing, "thou hintedst at having no friends; amongst Christians, I believe this will be thy chief."

Whilst he said this, he had put into the hands of the stranger a purse of no small value. For a moment the young man was silent; he poised the purse in his hand, uttering, in an under voice—"This from a Jew!" then, as if recollecting himself, he held it from him, desiring that he might not be pressed to accept a reward, for what he had done in compliance with his own feelings; and that, consistent with justice, he could not receive any other acknowledgment than his thanks.

This from a Christian, thought the Jew. "Surely," said he; "thou art a son of the lineage of Israel; and yet I know not which of his descendants would refuse a gift. Thou mayest indeed be poor."—"I confess that I am so," answered the stranger. "I am not ashamed to acknowledge that my portion of human goods amounts to no more than what I carry about me; and that were it consistent with my situation, I should not be above accepting a reward
for

for manual services, though I cannot for the mere exercise of moral precepts."

A few drops of rain prevented the reply Shechem was reflecting to give; and though his doors were not open to every one, he invited him to enter, and wait at least till the morning. They were let in with caution by an old woman, with a rush-light in a lanthorn, to prevent the wind's puffing it out, or the waste of grease from the current of air. Three bolts, a spring lock, and a large chain secured the door behind them. The young man smiled, and followed without hesitation, into a side chamber, where were a few old-fashioned chairs, an oak table, with some shelves of books and papers.

"Bring," said the Jew, "some water, that we may wash, and then let us have some of thy kneaden cakes to supper, for verily I have tasted nothing since morning, save a glass of wine at Reheboam's. Bring also a little vinegar, that

"I may allay the pain in my foot." Whilst Rebekah was preparing the repast, Shechem enquired the name of his guest.

"Theodore."

"And thy surname." He hesitated, and then replied, whilst a deep crimson flushed his cheeks, "I have informed you, Sir, that my name is Theodore; I am, unfortunately, so situated, that my life might be endangered by saying more, and I hope that will be excuse sufficient."

Shechem returned no answer. Doubt and suspicion would have inspired him with unfavourable ideas; but surely he who could voluntarily refuse a purse, could not be under fear of the law. Yet he had said his portion was about him. He might be a clerk who had robbed his master: though that suspicion could not well rest on one who offered to accept personal labour.

There

There might also be many reasons, consistent with innocence, where concealment was necessary ; and perhaps his action, tone of voice, and physiognomy, might be much in his favour.

Whilst Shechem pondered these things in his mind, and eyed with deep attention the features of Theodore, from beneath his lowering eyebrows, Rebekah had prepared the unleavened cakes, and by her entrance interrupted the silence which had taken place.

“ I think,” said Shechem, whilst he divided with him a cake, “ thou saidst a place of pecuniary profit might be of service ; if so, and thou canst procure a character of fidelity, I will endeavour to recommend thee.”

“ Pardon me,” said Theodore ; “ I said, indeed, that I should be glad to receive a reward for manual services ; but such is my fate, such the calamities I suffer under, that it is impossi-

ble I can appear in public; nor is there but one in the range of human nature that will call me friend."

What crime! Shechem was going to say; but checking himself, he went on. "After my observations of this night, I cannot allow myself to think thou hast brought upon thyself this sentence of banishment by misdeeds. But that a young man of thy appearance should want a friend in a land so famed for benevolence, is equally strange with thy mysterious manner. Thou canst not be ignorant that mistrust will not admit thee an inmate in any house; that thy secrecy will bar thee from the meanest employ; how then wilt thou procure means of subsistence?"

"I have felt," replied Theodore, with a sigh, "the want of confidence in my fellow men, who from being imposed on by designers, have lost the power of distinguishing truth. I have felt
in

in a country where ostentatious charity gilds the insides of our churches, and erects magnificent buildings, that from the forlorn wanderer, even justice is withheld, and I fly from a land of Christians, to wander with the Arab of the desert."

Surprise evidently increased on the features of the Jew, he almost apprehended that the keepers of Bedlam had been remiss, for who in his right mind would talk of wandering with the robber of the desert. Yet the evident connection and discernment of the young man, baffled every conjecture: and knowing that to humour insanity was the best method of treatment, should such be the present case, he desired to know in what way he had provided for his journey.

"I have informed you," he replied, "that I am condemned to rove about at night. I came this evening to town with intention of taking

taking the first ship I could find, for either Holland or France. I have a trifle to defray my expences to Alexandria. I understand Arabic, and shall associate with those who practice justice unimpelled by law."

"Thinkest thou," said Shechem with a smile, "that this phantom of thy sick brain will lead to reality? thinkest thou to find justice amongst the Arabs? Believe me, riches and power are the universal rules of right, and thou wilt not find in any spot where the possession of either is valuable, that any other motive, save interest, is the leading principle."

"I believe," returned Theodore, "that what you observe is true, and that you should observe it, I the more wonder, because those of your nation are generally allowed to have few ideas beyond the value of moveables, and the accumulation of riches."

"I do

"I do not deny the latter part of thy sentence," said Shechem, "because we perceive that riches are the only sure engine of human power, as the medium of action, and the command of foreign labour. By riches, though outcasts and the scoff of nations, we often govern the actions of kings. We deal in a commodity which ensures us existence, wherever society is formed on commercial principles, and whilst our outward appearance is mean and despicable, we pass without exciting the envy of the people amongst whom we sojourn. But tell me if thou wouldst have objection to undertake an employ, which should not lay thee under necessity of going abroad; it is not common to meet with young men who understand Arabic."

"To me," said Theodore, "it is immaterial where I spend the rest of my life. A dungeon or a palace. An enclosure or an extended plain are alike. Liberty has lost its power
of

charming, and my eye turns from the actions of men with disgust."

"Strange! wonderfully strange! are thy sentiments."—"I would attach thee to myself," cried Shechem, holding out his hand, "son of Adam, where wast thou born, what hast thou suffered, thus early to lose a relish for existence?"

A tear started in the eye of Theodore, he made an effort, and overcame his reflections, desiring to know how he could render himself of service. "I have many correspondents, I am almost overpowered with business, and have for some time sought to find a young man whom I could trust in my house, as here I transact my more valuable concerns. But I find none who have talents suited to my turn of conversation. They are all given up to vanity, and gad more after pleasure than profit. Thou desirest concealment, with me thou art safe; no
one

one ever visits beyond this chamber, and my only servant is Rebekah. Thy wages shall be according to merit ; and I hope I shall be able to bind thee to me as a friend."

" I, on my part," said Theodore, " have but one point to stipulate, because though poor, wages are no consideration : and this is it.— I have concealed my name and my connections, and on the day curiosity leads you to urge me for farther discovery, that day I fly beyond the power of recall."

There was a something in the elevation of feature, in the energy of voice with which this interdiction was pronounced, that inspired its hearer with awe. Imagination could not fix ; and the only moment which appeared left him to enquire, he feared to employ, lest he should incur the penalty denounced.

Bound

Bound down by terms so embarrassive, he consented to the proposal, and thus at three o'clock in the morning, a Jew received into his house, and retained as a servant, a man he had never before seen, under circumstances that might have warranted any suspicion, merely because he had the appearance of sincerity and merit. Where is the Christian who would have done this?

CHAP. II.

Go thou and do so likewise.

REBEKAH at her master's bidding, conducted Theodore by a back stair-case to a little room on the second floor, which she told him was appointed for his use, at the same time cautioning him never to let curiosity lead him to the other side of the house; for there Bensadi deposited his treasure and permitted no one to go.

Theodore thanked her for the caution, and taking the rush, prepared to undress, but the singular appearance of the room first excited his attention. The bed was of the coarsest materials, and covered with a horse rug—in one corner stood a box, by the carvings, made in the reign of Elizabeth; the lid was fastened on by
two

two straps of an old shoe, serving as hinges, and to use a poetical phrase, was *full of emptiness*.

The ceiling was darkened and adorned by several flourishes of smoke, and the wainscot appeared never to have been painted. Two drawings with ink, were fastened over the chimney with wafer. The one, the figure of a conjurer in a circle, round whom danced three imps, loaded with bags of money, and fluttering in their hands pieces of paper, on which could be discerned the words, *post obit*. The other was the view of a prison, with a man's face at the grating.

“ If I am to reason from analogy,” thought Theodore, “ my predecessor had no relish for confinement, and sure enough this chamber is not very much to be preferred to actual dur-
ance.”

To him, however, every place of secrecy was alike, nor was he startled at observing the win-
dows

dows grated, attributing it to a precaution of miserly jealousy. He sat down on the side of the bed: for some time forgetting where he was; then taking from his bosom a small picture, tied with black silk, he pressed it to his lips, dropped upon it a tear, whilst the single articulation of *Eliza!* escaped him.

As perhaps the reader begins to take some slight interest in the actions of a youth not known to them even by name, and may have fancied him possessing an elegance of figure: let us leave him to dream of Eliza, to

Reach at shadows that elude the touch.

whilst we picture to ourselves a young man scarcely reaching the middle size, dressed something above the country fashion, and yet beneath the town. His eyes (for the ladies will no doubt enquire their colour) were neither blue nor dark, but between both, a faint tinge of red was just perceivable in the higher part of his cheek,

cheek. Though good-natured, intensity of reflection, and some melancholy circumstances had given his eye-brows an habitual frown, and his eye without possessing that keen penetration which confuses, yet at a glance seemed to take in every surrounding object.

His face was *not* the index of his mind, communication with men had given him a subtilty of feature, and many struggles had made him so master of his passions, that a hundred emotions might distract his mind, without one inflection of muscle, when that inflection might lead to disadvantage. This was, however, when he was liable to observation, but when alone, when no human eye beheld him, he could weep at a trifle, and give way to every softness of humanity. But as actions are the best criterion of character, and no character can be properly defined till it ceases to operate; let the reader wait till he has seen him in action, before he ventures on conclusions.

Theodore

Theodore refreshed by the slumbers of the night, awoke early, and would have descended from his chamber, but he found the door fastened on the outside, and for a moment suspicion crossed his mind, which was not lessened by observing that his window communicated only with a back yard, commanding no other prospect than a part of the tower, the tops of the shipping, and the distant hills. He had already turned in his mind the means of escape, and projected his plan, when his suspicion was relieved by Rebekah tapping at the door, and telling him he might come to breakfast as soon as he chose.

He descended with her into the kitchen, which exhibited an appearance nearly as desolate as his chamber. Bensfadi received him with a smile, and offered him part of the scanty meal before him, observing, "that nature required very little for sustenance, and that vitiated tastes alone relished luxurious entertainments."

Theodore

Theodore assented to the remark, without scruple partaking of what was offered, though in his mind he thought, "the right use of riches was not merely to possess them, whilst our enjoyments were only such as poverty might procure, but this was not the first instance of inconsistency he had seen in this world."

After breakfast, Shechem conducted him to the counting-house, a room two yards and a half square, adjoining to the audience chamber, a double desk was placed at the opposite wall with a stool on each side, leaving exactly room for the writer to place himself, whilst the shelves of paper which hung over his head, prevented any other than a contracted position. A lump of lead with a hole bored in the center by a hot poker, was the ink-stand, and a square slip of inch deal the ruler.

"Thou seest how I am obliged to save," said Shechem, "not a breath ought to be wasted."

wasted. The person who was here before thee was idle, and used to wear away three pens in the day, which was nine hundred and thirty nine in the year, amounting to near ten shillings for pens."

"Perhaps," said Theodore, "his writing was equal to that loss. Did he live long with you?"

"No, only nine months, he ran away with a note of £.200, and was taken up—But let us proceed to business. Thou understandest Arabic? Here are some letters to Smyrna, and this is a letter to Mooco, pertaining a cargo of coffee, copy these into the letter book, and mind thou writest it small, and leave no spaces."

Theodore set about his task without enquiring further about the runaway, concluding from the perplexity visible in the features of Shechem, that he had been brought to punish-

ment. His task was finished by noon, and Shechem being out, he set down with Rebekah to a dinner of eggs and potatoes. As if without design, he observed, "that the drawings in his room, though rude, must have been designed by some person of genius, who was willing to express his contempt of riches."

"And yet," replied Rebekah, "the young man who drew them was not so out of conceit with riches, or he would not have been so ungrateful to our master, who took him from a very mean employ."

"Ingratitude," said Theodore, "I condemn, because gratitude is a species of coin in the power of the poorest to return for a benefit, and the not doing so, is greater dishonesty than non-payment of a debt, the latter not being always in our power."

"That is exactly masters' way of speaking, and had he not been better than most Jews,

Jos

Jos would have hanged for it.”—“ For what?”

“ Why—but if master should know I told you, he would certainly be very angry ; for he can't bear to hear again of any kindness he has done.”

—“ Yet,” thought Theodore, “ this man is a Jew.”—Rebekah continued.

“ Well, as I don't believe you'll tell it again, you must know. This Jos then ran away with a note, and was taken up, but that I don't know rightly about. Well, master was sent for to swear to the note, which he was obliged to do, and bound over to prosecute, I think they call it ; though from what I could learn, it means, that, when one has suffered a fraud, they are to pay the justice to punish the thief.”

Theodore shrugged up his shoulders and was silent—“ Well, as I was going to say, as the day of trial came near hand, master used always to be in a moping kind of humour, could never rest in a place, but fidgetted from one room to

another, said little to any body, and would sit down in this very kitchen, and groan so you can't think." "Dear sir," said I, one day, "what can be the matter?"—"I must hang Jos," said he, "I must hang the poor fellow for £.200. Rebekah thou knowest I would not molest the life of any thing breathing the breath of life. Nevertheless, his crime merits punishment. Yet the law provides not one proportionate, the life of man is surely more valuable than gold, and his existence than silver, very few are the crimes that can warrant putting a fellow-creature to death."

"But sir," said I, "the property was yours, it is you who are to prosecute or let it alone, as you think best, since they have called on your help to punish a man who has broken the law. If you don't, you will only lose the £.200, and as you say, that is not equal to killing a man."

"That is lost at any rate," says he, "and if I don't prosecute him, forty pounds and upwards

wards must go after it, because public justice must be supported by private property: yet that is not the object; he will then be left to prey on the world without any punishment; his ruined character will prevent him, if he would, from honest employ; his escape will embolden him to commit more flagrant outrage; and I see no way of saving him, but by procuring him a place abroad, and some day he may return it. Well, would you think it, after some little pondering, he dropped the prosecution, and sent him to an agent at Lisbon, where he now behaves with prudence."

"Mercy, thou divine, thou heaven-born maid!" ejaculated Theodore, in a kind of transport, but recollecting himself; "that was the true spirit of mercy," said he, "it is not sufficient we lift the blind from the ditch, unless we put them in the road to avoid it in future. But that the man who can confine himself to the humblest food, who can descend to calculate the fraction of a pen, and a square inch of paper,

should be capable of so grand, so sublime an effort of benevolence; is indeed almost above credibility: yet this man is a Jew!"

The last sentence was not uttered aloud. A train of reflections followed, in which he endeavoured to develop the character of the Jew; he compared him, in his own mind, with those who publish their good deeds on the house top: but as doubtless the reader is making something like the same reflections, let them not be interrupted.

From this little anecdote he had gathered the reason of his being locked into his chamber; and was ready to allow, that prevention is better than remedy. The afternoon was without employment, as Shechem did not return; and Rebekah being busy brightening up her apartment, the chamber of audience and the counting-house were the only places open to Theodore.

This

This confinement of range brought to his mind the caution he had received not to visit any other part of the house; and he could not but smile at the strange inconsistency of the charge, when only one female was left to guard those treasures he was thus taught had existence, and were thus exposed to a man who was yet a stranger.

In the midst of his reflexions, he was thrown into confusion by a loud rap at the door, to which he durst not reply, and recollecting that the place where he then was, was the room appropriated to visitors, he hurried down stairs, desiring Rebekah would see who was there.

“And why,” said she, “could you not let in your master.”

It was a simple question, but one Theodore could not well answer, any other than by slightly saying he had agreed never to open the door.

" 'Tis as master says," retorted she, " with something of acrimony, for even the daughters of Jerusalem possess more than dove-like qualities. Pride and poverty are constant companions."

Theodore felt the reproof, but remained silent, only laying his hand upon his bosom with a sigh, when she was gone. Shechem desired his attendance in the parlour.

" Thou hast had a slight reproof from Rebekah," said he, " owing to my forgetfulness; but that is ended; and now I have to demand thy attention on a little affair of business. A tradesman, in a large way of trade, has, by the extravagance of his wife, so embarrassed his circumstances, that his creditors threaten to distress him. He has applied to his friends, who refuse to assist him whilst his wife lives with him. Thou, who art young, might think her pretty; he loves her to his own hurt: they have two cherub children, who in the end will suffer. Now thou seest, though I condemn the
folly

folly of the father for not acting as he ought, in restraining the expensive vanities of his wife, I should wish not to involve their children in ruin; and I would ask if thou thinkest it will not be throwing money away to relieve him in his present difficulties."

Shechem remained silent, expecting a reply, which Theodore was too much astonished to make. He gazed upon Bensadi, whilst his mind hesitated in believing if indeed any man could act up to sentiments like these.

Shechem, who knew not the true motives of his silence, went on: "I perceive, that as thou art unacquainted with this family, thou canst not tell whether his wife is sincere in her professions of reform: thou hast not heard her condemn the thoughtless giddiness which led her to sigh for finery."

"No, no," cried Theodore, "far other thoughts occupied my attention. This person,

whoever she is, must see the ruinous effects of her vanity. The feelings of a mother must have wrung her to the soul; and I doubt not but she will reform. The husband may in time repay a kindness, which is more valuable than were you to restore him to secure independence, as it may confirm the resolutions of his wife; by her future œconomy she may compensate for every thing past; their family may bless you to their latest breath; and, and, I cannot indeed trace the prospect any farther."

"I believe," replied Shechem, "I have a cold in mine eyes. Thou hast convinced me, that in doing a benefit to those babes, I shall not have to blame myself as hazarding beyond prudence, and thou shalt carry the relief to their father."

Theodore started up, but a moment served to check his ardour. "I cannot," said he; "these walls circumscribe me. I must forego the pleasure of administering comfort."

Shechem

Shechem in his turn looked surprized; he had laid on the table a note of 500*l*. he had offered it to Theodore unrestricted; and had his desire of concealment arose from a breach of honesty, here was a temptation he could not have withstood; something more mysterious must then relate to him, something of high importance, which could prevent so great an advocate for charity from carrying so ample a relief, as must raise the receivers beyond their hopes, and give a pleasure indelible to the donor; but what this was he was forbid to enquire, and no conjecture could develope.

Whilst those opposite reflections filled their minds, and their eyes mutually fixed on the note which lay upon the table, a chariot rolled to the door, and a visitor of consideration was announced, by a rapping which startled Theodore, and was hurrying him down stairs to the kitchen, had not Shechem stopped him, by pointing to the counting-house, at the same time securing the note in his pocket-book.

Rebekah ushered a gay figure into the room, by the name of Lord Pindarn. He threw himself into a chair; and whilst he employed his hands picking his teeth and adjusting his frill. “Well, my old dad,” said he, “you know how the world runs when you see me at the Minories. But ’pon my soul, you ought not to stow up this room with all those black chronicles; ’tis exact as if one entered a slaughter-house: bonds, mortgages, debentures, &c. &c. to no small tune, I’ll be sworn. O but aye, how’s cash?”

“None to be had, I tell thee,” replied Shehem, “verily I think it is gone to the Red-Sea; nothing but paper stirring; no guineas to be seen.”

“I thought so, damme! Well, this is a paper world.—Let’s see.—I want a neat little sum; all *Ab. Newland’s*, if ye will. That, by the bye, was a blessed invention; for absolutely a hundred guineas would tear a hole in one’s pocket,

pocket, unless we threw them with silver into the coat; but that would make such a confounded jingle, the boys would run out to look for a dog and a cannister."

"A hundred guineas didst say?" cried Shechem. "I cannot raise fifties; 'tis not to be had."

"Ha, ha, ha! that's comical, 'pon my soul, one of the best bulls in England. Five hundred won't do, I tell ye. Let's see. Sukey wants those diamond bracelets. O you old rogue, if you had but a peep at Suke, your withered heart would gallop like old Betty—you'd down with the *needy*. I'll tell you a secret; she's all my own, just come from my grounds; and between ourselves, the old manor produces nothing good but girls and partridges. Come, don't look sulky; I'll wipe out scores when old square-toes pops it. Come now, just a neat little round thousand, and them I'm off."

"Mercy,

" Mercy, mercy ! Vat you kill me at once. A thousands ! 'tis not in the universe. Where dost think an old miserables like me should have a thousands ?"

" Now do," cried Lord Pindarn. " I beg you will make haste. The money must be had, that's poz, cost what it will; and if you won't, old Zinacril will for 60 per cent.

" Sixty per cents. sayest thou? that is something; but I only take de lawful interests. Well—give thy bonds for five hundred, and I'll see if I can borrow four for thee. Moneys are scarce; must give a large premiums or go without it."

" Bravo! bravissimo!" cried the noble.—
" Well said, old Lucifer; you'll fry in the next world, think ye shan't?"

" No, my lord; such as you, who take care to stand candidates for places below will vote me not guilty."

"Aye, aye, when I'm in Satan's privy-council I'll remember my old friend in the Minorities. But 'tis past five o'clock, we dine at seven. Come, where's the pen and ink; let's have the nine hundred down."

"That will no do; if it must be so large a sum, I shall be ruined; I shall be forced to fly to Palestines. Vell—two hundred premiums, and to-morrow I will send the monies."

"To-night; in an hour; Suke must have the bracelets."

"O, I do recollect. O my bad memories!" cried Shechem; I have just received the very sum. Write you the bonds, whilst I fetch them." Shechem shortly returned with notes to the amount of eight hundred pounds, for which he received a bond for a thousand; and in five minutes after his thoughtless guest rolled away from the door.

It

It is impossible to describe the astonishment of Theodore during this transaction. The benevolent Jew was become an extortioner in the strictest sense of the word. The man who had so shortly before offered five hundred pounds to a tradesman sinking in credit, without interest, and almost without security, had exacted a bond of a thousand on a debt of eight hundred pounds. Strange—incomprehensibly strange! How was it possible to reconcile appearances so incompatible! The mind of Theodore was incompetent; and he had some difficulty to overcome marks of astonishment, before he attended the summons of Shechem.

He was, however, prevented the trouble of opening the discourse, by the latter, who was looking on the bond. “My lord,” said he, “little thought he had any one to overhear his follies; but what thinkest thou on this matter?” —“I think,” said Theodore, stopping to consider whether he should declare the whole of his thoughts, “I think that—I know not what to think

think of a man who can extort so exorbitant a premium, and lavish at the same time a sum to more than twice the amount."

"Thou hast well said. From the over fulness of the rich, I take away to give to him who hath need. Every farthing I extort from the profligate, is a farthing less in the sum which was to destroy the innocent, to oppress the needy, to be squandered in luxurious and baneful profusion, or lost to sharpers and villains. I sit in the seat of distributive justice——" He was going on, but the behaviour of Theodore broke of the discourse he had entered on, and fixed him in speechless reflection.

It is true not a word escaped him: but the instant idea conveyed in these words took him by surprize, and threw him of his usual guard. He clenched his hands together, he started up from his seat with an agony of feature which must have claimed pity from insensibility, he walked twice across the room, then sat down,
calm

calm in appearance as if nothing had happened.

“ I ask your pardon,” said he, “ for allowing those starts of madness to overcome me. I will endeavour at better.”—“ We will turn to business then,” said Shechem; who was willing to allow madness to have been the active principle, though it appeared a madness fraught with meaning.

The rest of the day was employed in mercantile affairs, and adjusting in order a vast pile of bonds, contracts, &c. to an amount which could not but excite admiration in one unacquainted with forms of business. One article in particular, was the curious practice of negotiating bills drawn by a certain bank in the north, which being taken up by Shechem, the same sum, with commission and interest, was again drawn for on the bank; and thus the bill circulated, whilst Shechem was in fact the chief *firm* of the house.

In

In this employ the mind of Theodore seemed to take rest, as not allowed to brood over those calamities under which it suffered. For near a month the usual routine of business, with now and then an act of kindness intervening, filled up the time; nor had any circumstance taken place that might clear up the darkness which hung upon the fortunes of Theodore, and at times created fancies of strange figure in the imagination of the Jew.

CHAP. III.

In which that is, which is.

THEODORE had been adjusting an account of gunpowder and bullets, privately sold in Canada to some Indian chiefs, and lamenting the savage state of our nature, the horrors of war, and the attending train of human calamity, till his mind overflowed with pity at our delusions, and with grief, that those delusions must continue till man is no longer man. Softened into that delightful state of feeling when every trifle vibrates on the heart, he retired early from his frugal repast to his silent chamber; a place by no means calculated to excite those gay ideas which sometimes obtrude on more tender feelings.

He had pressed the portrait to his bosom—he had pronounced the soft name of Eliza—he had permitted

permitted a tear to fall—when he was suddenly surprized by the sound of music, which warbled at a distance, in notes of such melodious wildness, that he fancied they excelled in composition every thing he had heard. There are times when the slightest impression is felt, I have said, such at this instant was the situation of Theodore, adding, no doubt, much to the merit of the performance. Could it be Shechem who played thus, for no one else had he ever seen, except Rebekah, and her he could not suppose it to be. The clearness with which he caught every note, persuaded him it must be some person in the house; and charmed by the novelty, as well as curiosity, he silently opened the door, advancing with caution in the dark.

He had already advanced beyond the barriers of proscription, when reflection whispered that he might be trespassing on the rights of his master, and he remained on the spot attentive only to the sound. He fancied he could perceive an accompanying voice; he ventured a few paces

to

to be satisfied ; but then what were the words, what words could be adapted to music so wild, yet so soft ; and thus he continued to advance till he found himself opposite a door, which remained ajar, and distinctly heard the closing stanza.

The wand'ers of Israel, through nations dispers'd,
 Shall again dwell in safety, again rest in peace ;
 And the harp, that so plaintive our sorrows rehears'd,
 Shall thrill with new pleasures, as pleasures increase :
 The sweet spicy shrubs, that wave over the hills,
 Untouch'd by the simoom, eternally blow,
 Frankincense and myrrh from their bosom distils,
 And love shall attend on our path as we go.

“ O my daughter ! ” said a voice Theodore knew to be Shechem's, “ never shall we see that land flowing with milk and honey. We are appointed to the nations as a sure token of Omnipotence ; for though one of the least amongst nations, and from time immemorial despised, we are even at this time a separate people, whilst the Babylonians, who led our fathers captive—the Romans, who razed to the ground the temple

ple of our glory, are swallowed up of time, and known only by record."

"And do you think," said a voice, in softer tone, "that we should be more happy at Jerusalem, for we should not there be exempt from sorrow?"

"Alas, my daughter!" returned Shechem, "hast thou already made reflections so just? Thy mother used to play that song like thyself, when we dwelt at Alexandria; but she is torn from me by the hand of violence, and my happiness was blasted as the opening flower before the pestilence."

A deep groan from Theodore startled them with surprize. Shechem drew a poniard from his bosom, and advanced with fierceness towards the door. "Who," cried he, "dares to brave my interdiction? The hand of death be upon thee."

Theodore

Theodore had reeled some paces from the door ; he heard the voice of Shechem, but neither by words nor actions attempted to deprecate his vengeance ; that indeed seemed his least concern, his hands hiding his face as he leaned against the wall.

An attitude so unexpected disarmed in a moment the resentment of Shechem ; he hastily concealed the poniard, and in a voice of softened reproach said, " Why wouldst thou trespass on my indulgence ? Why seek to pry into mine affairs, whilst the secrecy of thine own is impenetrable ? Tell me, was it accident or curiosity brought thee hither ? "

Theodore had mastered the emotions that had so powerfully agitated him ; he could not willingly suffer under suspicion, declaring that it was solely the novelty and charms of the music he had heard which led him to trespass. " Retire then," said Shechem, " and let this matter
be

be neither mentioned again, nor remembered." Theodore obeyed without reply.

"This young man," said he, to his daughter, when he entered the room, "has certainly suffered some derangement of faculty from misfortune; but how my words could have revived his distresses I cannot divine. It was certainly wrong of us to play, unless we would expose ourselves to his knowledge."

"Is he tall?" asked Eve; "or does he look very sad? I should like much to know why he will not stir abroad. I am afraid it will not be possible we should live together in the house, without sometimes meeting: and I own I should just like to see how he looks."

"He looks like other men," replied Shechem; "and I fancy must be in love: for let me remember if I was not speaking of thy mother's being torn away from me—yea truly; and I believe he must have suffered from some-

thing of this nature, as I have more than once had occasion to remark."

"But if so," replied Eve, "that could be no reason for concealment; and this young man, you say, has lived with you a month without once going out or receiving any message. Why do you not enquire his reasons?"—"Simply I dare not: and let not the curiosity of thy namesake tempt thee to indiscretion; for solemnly he hath declared, that on the day I ask an explanation of his conduct he will go, no more to return."—"But me," said the young maiden, "I have not promised; and surely he will listen to me."—"Beware, my dearest," said he, "though thou art strong in thyself, yet perhaps thy heart may be caught like the wild roe on the tops of the mountains, who snuffeth at the wind, and bounds forward in the pride of liberty. It was my fear of this chiefly which made me desirous of keeping you asunder; for thou knowest our religion forbids marriage with a stranger."—"I know it," answered she, with a sigh;

figh; "but *this* young man, I am *very*, *very* sure, I shall not love."—"And how canst thou be so *very* sure, unless thy affections are already placed?—Dost thou know any youth to whom thou wouldst entrust thy happiness?"—"I do not *know* any," said she, with emphasis, and blushing deeply; "I intend never to marry."

Shechem smiled; and after again cautioning her to guard against impressions which might destroy her repose, he retired to his chamber, reflecting on the behaviour of Theodore, and more than ever at a loss to account for the ambiguity of his actions.

Theodore, on his part retired, overwhelmed with shame at having suffered his weakness to betray him to so disagreeable a situation; though some portion of blame he thought attached to the Jew, for allowing chance to effect what foresight might have prevented. The accidental discovery he had made of the loss Ben-Sadi had suffered, employed his reflections, and excited

his curiosity. He knew not by what accident he had lost the wife he so lamented, and should have imputed it to sudden death, had not the mention of violence pointed to some more fatal event. Thus divided between the sufferings of others, and those which preyed in secret on his heart, he sunk into slumber.

In the morning he rose early, and occupied with his last night's adventure, he felt a reluctance to appear before Shechem, notwithstanding the pardon he had received; but whilst he yet hesitated to go down, the person he wished to avoid entered the room. "I am come," said the Jew, "to speak with thee, because I feel for thee the partiality of a parent. The gift of tongues is given to man that he may account for his actions, and it is chiefly owing to false delicacy and mistaken want of confidence, that half our contentions arise. I had intended, from thy entrance into my house, to prevent thy communication with my daughter, but thy indiscretion, and our negligence, hath rendered
that

that precaution void, almost at the moment it became of use, for Eve hath not yet been twenty-four hours under my roof. She hath been for some months in the country, with one of our people. I do not suspect thy integrity would permit thy forming designs on my daughter, but I know the weakness of youth, and the fascinating power of acceding dispositions. 'Tis therefore I bid thee beware; and if thou art the friend of Bensadi, thou wilt avoid courting the favour of his daughter; she is young, her mind is susceptible, but religion for ever denies your union.

The eyes of Theodore had been fixed upon the ground, he now raised them, and whilst a faint red flushed the prominence of his cheeks, he replied, with a firmness which marked the sentiments of sincerity.

“ Happy, Sir, am I, from having been a wanderer amongst those who should have sheltered and protected me, in having found a being

who deserves the name of man ; and still more singularly fortunate in having discovered *that* man amongst a people despised and neglected. How then must my reverence arise at sentiments so just and so noble. How few would have suffered themselves to suppose that a young lady like your daughter, in possession of unbounded wealth, could possibly look down on the insignificant thing that I am ! But you know that station is not the object where innocence and nature's guides. You have dared to make me the partner of your confidence ; you have bound me to you by esteem and by honour ; should I then boast to you that I have overcome passion, that reason in me can still the boundings of tumultuous desire, I should be boasting in vain ; but if I make any overtures to your daughter, however distant, brand me with infamy, mark me in your heart as an imposture, and turn me out to certain destruction. To aim at preserving the kindness you shew me will be my chief endeavour ; and if you de-

fire

fire it, I will sedulously avoid even the sight of her."

"No," cried Shechem, in admiration at the sentiments he had heard, "that cannot now be. My daughter knows her duty; she will love thee as a friend; and thou shalt from this hour have the range of my house; thou shalt be as Joseph was to Potiphar, though had I a wife I might scruple to expose her before thee."

Theodore smiled at this folly, and descended to breakfast in the kitchen, not choosing to accept the invitation of Shechem to enter the sitting-room.

"Well," said Rebekah, "you're a fortunate young man in coming to master. I wonder under what sign you were born: but some people might have suffered for their folly in disobeying master's orders."—"It was undesigned, I assure you," replied Theodore; "but if you would favour me, you will not mention

it."—"Don't think," said she, "I am one of those that love to make people uneasy; but I know another might have paid for their curiosity with their life."—"How so?" demanded he; "but now I recollect, I saw him with a poniard in his hand; sure he only meant to frighten me."—"That's more than I know," said Rebekah; "but this I know, the last servant we had was a lad of eighteen. He had been ordered never to enter the passage leading to that suit of rooms, (for master is dreadfully jealous) however, Dick did not take warning, and one day opened the library door, where master was reading; but the instant he saw him, he started up in a tremendous fury, and pulling out his dagger, which he mostly wears, he stamped with rage, and flying at the poor lad, ran him through the arm. His resentment was instantly calmed, and repenting, he had the boy taken care of, and when he was well, provided him another place: but never since that has there been any other servant but me; and indeed, as we don't dress much food, and Miss
Eve

Eve is not above doing for herself, there is not much occasion, except for opening the door, and that Jos used to do."

This was a hint which Theodore smiled at, but was too much employed with the instance of passion he had heard, to reply, if he had found inclination, but in this sort of conversation Rebekah was always sole combatant.

When Eve entered the breakfast-room, which was on the first floor, she was evidently something disappointed at seeing only her father; for reflection on the mysterious behaviour of Theodore had awakened curiosity, which, as a lineal descendant, she inherited from her first parent.

"I thought," said she, "Theodore was to have been here, but perhaps you forgot to ask him."—"That I have not, my daughter, but my words could not prevail, he is enamoured with solitude, and will not readily be introduced to company. I think he is wise in avoiding

thy company, which is dangerous to a young man."

"But not to one already in love, as you say," answered Eve, smiling: "and were it not that he takes so much pains to avoid me, I should have no curiosity. Will you endeavour to bring him to dinner?"

"Thou shalt invite him thyself; but if I judge right, thy embassy will be ineffective."—

"I don't think so," said she to herself: for without doubt she was the fairest of Israel's posterity; and might think her power extensive as her charms; but that she may not be taxed with coquetry, for this was not her nature, a hint at her character may not be useless.

She was then in the bloom of youth, with all the spirits of eighteen, and the softness of feeling which is excited by a secluded education and familiarity with objects of sorrow; for though, personally, grief had never been her
portion,

portion, the discourse of her father, which too often turned upon human calamity and incidents of distress he daily witnessed, gave her mind a softness that counterbalanced the volatility of youth. Her features were dark, but in exact proportion, and without that flatness which characterizes some of the tribes of Judah, they approached nearer to the ancient Grecian, and were adorned by two fine arched brows, that gave peculiar grace to her dark eyes, where expression seemed to reside. Her stature arose not to the majestic, but it was above the pretty, and possessed in every motion the grace of femininity. A figure like this was indeed dangerous to the peace of a young man, who might not be the master he fancied of passions, which often triumph over reason; but Theodore was not like the universality of men.

CHAP. IV.

THE business of the day led Theodore to the counting-house, to which in future he designed confining himself as much as possible; for though he confided in his own strength, he wished, by adopting a distant behaviour, to avoid giving a shade of uneasiness to his benefactor, though he saw it would be next to impossible, wholly to abstain from the company of his daughter.

Eve, on her part, had no thought of looking on him in any other light than as a man who depended on her father; and it was curiosity alone which excited a wish to see a character so strange and so worthy, for the one as well as the other, had been the subject of her father's discourse. There was indeed a little secret contained in her bosom that might add to curiosity,
but

but be that as it will, she herself was only confident.

No sooner, therefore, was breakfast over, than she hurried with the tea-things into the kitchen; but not meeting the object she expected, she enquired of Rebekah if Theodore was good-natured, as she believed, from her father's account, he was very unsocial. "Why yes, Miss," replied she; "he never talks a deal, but I think sometimes that is because I am not so young as himself." Eve smiled; and then demanded if he was tall. "No, Miss, he's not what you may call tall, but he's well enough for that matter: he's very proud, however, though one would not think it from his appearance."—"How then can you tell?" said Eve.—"Why you must know, Miss, though he will sometimes clean a knife when I'm in a hurry, I never can get him to-open the door."

"Clean knives and open the door!" repeated Eve; "why sure you don't expect he will do either.

either. I am certain my papa would be angry if he did any such thing: a gentleman to clean knives! But what colour is his hair?" Rebekah, who expected Eve would have supported her in the point she wished to carry, was not very well pleased at its reception, and carelessly answered, she had too much to mind to notice his hair, but he was no such curiosity.

Eve was instantly silent; and hearing her father enter the ground parlour, hastened to make some trifling enquiry, in hopes Theodore might be present; but he was engaged; and she returned to her own room, with intention to amuse herself till dinner, when she made no doubt of satisfying her curiosity. It is indeed dangerous to awaken curiosity; because we possess a desire to penetrate every mystery, to pluck the forbidden fruit, and not seldom is much mischief occasioned by apparent concealment. What was there strange in a young man becoming a clerk? What could excite a wish in the daughter of his master, so impatiently to desire

fire

fire to see him? Simply, because he was introduced with a something of mystery, and by that held up to her notice as an object of enquiry.

Shechem was from home at dinner, and therefore delicacy forbade Eve to invite Theodore, as she had intended; which delay only added to her impatience; and the afternoon was spent at her music, perhaps in the hope that its power might again lead him to her presence.

At near six Shechem returned. He entered the counting-house; and whilst he filed some receipts, said to Theodore, "I have been to see Mr. Z——; and to thee, Theodore, I know it will be welcome news, when I tell thee he is happier than ever. His wife, formerly so giddy, and fond of the world, hath seen, that whilst the vain and imprudent admire the outward trappings of emulative pride, they can join in the censure of the sober. She hath considered, that a mother hath many duties; and as she loves her husband and her children, she hath given
him

him the direction of her expences, that she may not be tempted to extravagance, by the ill examples every way before her. His behaviour is the model of softness. His business flourishes, as he now enters into it with pleasure, as the means of rendering his wife happy, and his children comfortable; and what pleases me most, will soon be able to repay the loan."

"Then," cried Theodore, "good yet remains upon the earth, private benevolence supplies the place of public justice, and the balance of good and evil stands poized. But how many bales of cotton are to be ordered from the firm of Goodman and Co.?"

"Let me see——hum——that's right. I tell thee, Theodore, I am so pleased with the harmony I have witnessed, that I am fitted for company; not business. Thou shalt overcome thy bashfulness, and drink tea with me and my daughter. Thou knowest I seldom drink tea myself, but those girls lead us into expences one cannot

cannot well afford. Theodore smiled; and partaking himself in the pleasure inspired by the prosperity he had heard, he wiped his pen, and, for the first time since his residence in the Minorities, agreed to enter into what might be called company.

"Make thyself ready then," said Shechem, "and I will go on before thee, for my house is a little confusing to one unacquainted with its windings.

"I have brought thee a visitor," said Shechem, advancing first, "one whom I expect thee to receive as the friend of thy father." She turned her eyes to catch a glance of Theodore, whilst she arose to place her father's chair; but they did not return without conveying intelligence to her mind which covered her face with crimson, and so quivered through her frame, that she was obliged to sit down in confusion, which she endeavoured to conceal by straitening the carpet.

The

The eye of Bensadi had observed those changes, he turned them with a glance of indicative jealousy on Theodore, but there all was calm and unruffled, and he felt that he had been wrong in imputing to his daughter other, than what might naturally be her feelings at the sudden entrance of a stranger. But here he was deceived by the commanding spirit of Theodore, which had instantly overcome a surprise, he as instantly saw might be dangerous to indulge. There was, however, in his voice and manner, an embarrassment which he could not overcome, and every attempt at speech was only followed by monosyllables.—On the part of Eve, indeed there appeared so much confusion, that it increased the diffidence of Theodore, and created in her father an astonishment which destroyed the pleasure he had expected, and banished the happy family from his mind.

How there could be an understanding between the young man and his daughter, he was lost in considering. He began to fear Theodore

dore might have deceived him, and to wish he had furthered his intention of wandering in the deserts of Arabia. Eve, however, exerted some degree of courage, she ventured to look up to meet the eye of Theodore; but her's he constantly avoided, and lest he should excite suspicion, even withheld himself from those civilities of attention, politeness required. Uneasy in this situation, he waited impatiently the conclusion of the tea, when pretending to have forgot some letter of moment, he bowed, and withdrew, Shechem not wishing to prevent him, that he might enquire into what so much surpassed his comprehension.

“Eve,” said he, in a voice sunk down to compassion, “daughter of my first and only beloved, how cometh it to pass, that Theodore occasioned in thee so much disorder? Tell me my daughter every weakness of thine heart; tell me if thy boasted firmness is established on sand, or if thou hast before known any thing of this young man.” The tears at this pathetic injunction

injunction streamed from the fine eyes of Eve. She threw herself upon the bosom of her father, remaining for a time irresolute and silent—
“Why,” said he, at length, “art thou fearful of trusting my confidence, why not repose in me that trust which none other can fulfil so faithfully.

The delicacy of Eve seemed to struggle with duty, but that duty being attempered by softness and friendship, she acquired resolution to say—
“I own I have been indiscreet, in not before now making you acquainted with an accident which I confess brought me acquainted with Theodore, whose ways are so mysterious; and it was my uncertainty arising from that mystery, which held me in silence; but meeting him to-day when I expected a stranger, has indeed flurried my spirits, and when you shall know how deeply I am indebted to him, you will not condemn my behaviour. I will own also, some slight hints you let fall in speaking of Theodore, excited in me a distant fancy, that I had again met
the

the person who will ever deserve my friendship and esteem."

She paused, and Shechem more astonished than ever, wiped the tears from her eyes, and encouraged her to proceed.

"When I was down at Mr. Zandivers, a man of some property in the country, was or pretended to be enamoured of my person, though had he loved me with the passion he professed, he would not have continued a persecution, which from the first hour of his attendance, I declared must end in disappointment. For allowing his qualifications and possessions to be great, religion made it impossible we should ever be related, and that therefore, if he wished me to esteem him as a friend, he would look for nothing beyond that esteem.

"He pretended to attend to my denials, ceasing the frequency of his visits; so that from intermission, he never came at all, and shortly
gave

gave out that he had quitted the country. I again ventured to take a walk when the weather was fine, not thinking myself in danger of meeting him. And one evening, tempted by its beauty and the instances of a young woman with whom I had a slight acquaintance, we entered a little wood, bordering the town, where we fauntered till near dark. Invited by the buzzing of the little insects, and the trembling of the leaves, I was led, without perceiving it, to the darkest part of the thicket. The young woman then suddenly stopped, and whilst she stooped to gather some flowers, began humming a fashionable air, which I have since thought was a concerted signal, as at that instant, the detestable Romer started from behind a cluster of hazle bushes. I screamed instantly for help, and was flying with all the haste of fear, when my clothes entangling with the bushes, I stumbled and was caught in his arms.

“ I do not remember the words he made use of: the young woman had escaped out of sight,
and

and I had only my own courage to support me, against his superior strength, which was evidently aided by liquor. A thought suggested to me, that if I prevented myself from falling, I might indeed suffer from his insults, but escape his intended violence. Fortunately, I had power sufficient to grasp a young tree which grew near, and that so tight, that his utmost efforts could not disengage me. He now became outrageous, entreating and threatening by turns, till finding his own endeavours vain, and that I would sooner die than quit my hold, he called aloud for his servants, vowing he would cut the tree up by the roots, and carry me where I should find resistance vain.

“ In this moment, before his servants could arrive, a young man, which was Theodore, forced his way through the bushes, torn by the thorns in the haste he had made.—His eyes flashed fury. His whole countenance glowed with an expression, which to me appeared more than human, it was humanity exalted to avenging

ing divinity. He spoke not, but with a stroke like lightning, brought Romer to the ground.

“Madam,” said he, “this monster has lost his present power, you have nothing more to fear; I will attend at a distance till you are safe.” “The energy of my spirits now suddenly flagged. I felt myself unable to return him thanks, unable, indeed, to move from the spot, and with difficulty to preserve myself from falling.” “I am grieved,” said he, “that you are so overcome. You look exceeding pale, shall I support you? it is necessary we should quit this place before the servants arrive.”—“He supported me in his arms,” continued she, blushing and looking down—“I was unable to walk. Dreading every moment the coming of the servants, and trembling lest Romer should be killed, and my generous deliverer suffer for his humanity; I found myself turn sick and giddy; I was unable to support the agitation of my spirits, and fainted in his arms.”

Eve

Eve paused for a moment. Shechem wiped away the rheum from his eyes, and seemed too much moved to express his feelings.

“ When I came to myself, the moon shone faintly through the trees, a current of air fanned over me and enlivened my senses. I found myself in the arms of my deliverer, and felt the tears drop upon my face, whilst he bent himself over me. Returning sense distinguished in plaintive accents, “ O Eliza! where now art thou? O misery! O death!”

“ And O my daughter!” cried Shechem, unable longer to contain, “ where was I, that my hand could not save thee! that my arm could not reach to thy deliverance! O excellent young man! O youth of ten thousand! But proceed, tell me all.”

“ I endeavoured to return him thanks for the service he had done me; but how could I express thanks for what was superior to every

form of acknowledgment? He supported me home; and recovering strength as my safety became certain, I desired he would walk in, and receive the thanks of my friends, for a kindness no reward could repay. "And yet," replied he, "I am amply rewarded; I have preserved from a villain the purity of virtue, and perhaps with that all the pleasure existence can bestow. I am at this moment in danger of being discovered: I cannot then expose myself: Adieu, Madam; and may you never more have occasion for similar services."

"I would have detained him, but he instantly hastened away, leaving me so impressed with his actions and words, that time cannot efface the one or the other. His hint of the danger he ran, I then imputed to his apprehension of the safety of Romer; but that infamous man had been only stunned by the blow, and the next day appeared in public, offering a reward to any one who would apprehend the
rogue

rogue that had endeavoured to rob him the preceding evening."

"But Theodore," cried Shechem, "tell me more about Theodore."

"Alas!" replied Eve, "I have little more to add, but that little is yet much in his favour. Our friends desired that, for my own sake, the outrage I had suffered should be suppressed, unless the apprehension of the stranger should call us publicly to defend him; and I will own, that knowing the power I had of clearing his character, and reflecting confusion on his adversary, I secretly wished he might be taken, that so I might have an opportunity of continuing his friendship, and claiming from you some reward that might be acceptable. My wishes and the proffers of Romer were alike ineffectual; he was not to be found. The only evidence collected was from a farmer, who described his person, and declared he had seen him lurking amongst the bushes more than once; that he

had likewise seen him two nights past eating some fruit and dry bread, beside the rivulet which runs through the plantation. From this I instantly remembered the hints of danger he had given me, and now concluded that something prior had been the motive of his concealment, though that he should be guilty of any crime I could not believe. Some weeks passed away, and I no longer had any hope of again meeting with him; when one day, I, with Mr. Zandiver and his daughters, went on a visit to Mr. Landorn's, who was a justice of the peace. We were to remain two or three days, as the distance was more than twenty miles.

“ In the evening we sat down to cards, it being dark and cloudy; but we were interrupted in the middle of the first game, by the clamours of a number of persons, who had stopped a young man on the road, for uttering a bank note, evidently a forgery, as the inn-keeper happened to have another of the same number and amount.

“ A case

“ A case so curious as this excited our attention; and never having been present at a trial, I willingly attended Mr. Landorn into the hall, where the young man was presented, in the midst of a number of tradesmen and others, who already pronounced him committed and hanged: but how was I agitated, how was my interest engaged, when I perceived it was the young man to whom I owed the preservation of my person.

“ With some difficulty, and supported by faith, I preserved resolution to attend, for I trembled lest he should be guilty, whilst I felt perfectly assured of his innocence. His behaviour indeed seemed to impress much in his favour by its gentility, whilst he attended with a dignity that spoke his rectitude, without appearing like the hardened effrontery of practised knavery.

“ The inn-keeper and his waiter were the principal witnesses examined; the one proving

that the note he had was similar ; the other, that he had received the forged one from this young man, who had obstinately refused to declare his name, residence, or business, and had likewise endeavoured to escape. This last assertion was confirmed by several others, and even with me was much against him. When the witnesses had concluded, Mr. Landorn arose, and addressed himself to the stranger.

“ Young man,” said he, “ you stand under suspicion of being guilty of a crime justly considered by our laws of a very heinous nature, as it tends to destroy the confidence of commerce, and depreciate that medium of barter by which this island exists. You are charged with resistance, which ought not to be made against justice ; and your desire of concealment adds much to the evidence against you ; you are therefore sensible my office requires that you be conducted to prison, to meet your trial in the face of your country, and to receive your sentence from the determination of impartial men ; you have, however,

ever, liberty to speak in your own defence, and may, if innocent, invalidate the charge preferred against you."

" Mr. Landorn then sat down; and all eyes were instantly turned upon Theodore, who first bowed to the justice, and then to the people. He waited a moment, till every breath was hushed into silence, then extending his right hand, he began, whilst every accent impressed itself upon my memory, and inspired me with every feeling it was intended to convey.

" The indulgence you have so willingly shewn me, I consider, Sir, as one of the most noble privileges of a Briton, and which I shall endeavour not to abuse. I perceive that my wish of concealment has impressed you with sentiments against me, and I allow that it was natural; but is it not equally so for a man to avoid a situation in which innocence cannot always appear, or appearing, must still leave behind it the odium of being held up to public suspicion.

But however this might act as one reason for my wish of concealment, I confess that some melancholy circumstances, which have deranged my family and my fortune, made me particularly desirous of escaping public observation: and surely, Sir, without imputation of guilt, there may be situations so delicate, that it were extreme barbarity to expose, such is mine: and I am convinced the candour of all present will allow an indulgence, I know not strictly legal; I am as sensible as you, Sir, or any one, that the crime of forgery is enormous, that for the welfare of the community it is justly punishable with death; but ought not the medium of our commerce to be so secured from mutilation, that the indigent shall be without temptation? Ought it not to be so that the most ignorant might instantly detect the fraud? But, how few can distinguish a note artfully counterfeited; and what shall secure an innocent man from suffering imposition? Or what shall speak in favour of a man like me, who has taken, unsuspectingly taken a note as currency in the country?

country? Shall a man, on whom is found a bad shilling, be charged with coining it, because he cannot mention of whom he received it? I believe you will all answer, No. And shall a man then be guilty of forgery, because he has in his possession a note which proves to be false? No. The one and the other are alike, and the loss falls on the possessor in whose hands the falsity is discovered. My endeavouring, therefore, to escape with the loss, cannot speak against me in that point. Again, I declare, that condemning a man in my situation, you do more to the depreciation of this species of circulating medium, than he who shall counterfeit half a million of money. Who then will take them, but from those to whom they may revert in case of defect? What man will venture to carry them, when, if false, he may be imprisoned for forgery? They will then be only as notes of hand, passing from one friend to the other. I shall now come to the point, for though it has been proved that two notes of a like figure are held by that gentleman, who has commenced

the prosecution, it has not been proved which note is the forgery, and he is equally liable with me to imposition. I beg, therefore, the notes be produced and sworn to before I proceed."

"Scarcely a person but who now believed the young man innocent, spoke loudly in his favour, and pressed to see one who had uttered so many truths. The notes were produced; to a first examination they appeared alike, but on minuter scrutiny, the one the inn-keeper held proved defective in the water-mark. Theodore held up his hand to speak, and instantly all were attentive.

"How," cried he, "are we now to proceed? this gentleman I doubt not took the note in the way of business: it is true he has not attempted to pay it, and therefore cannot be prosecuted. But though his name is known to you, he stands on the same footing with myself, in being unable to account how he came by it: and I have

now

now only to lament the defect which has brought me into so dangerous and disagreeable a situation, which has exposed me to be branded as an enemy to the society in which I live; and but for this accidental discovery (and my note might as readily have been the forged one) I should perhaps have languished in jail till the next assize, and possibly then, for want of evidence, have suffered the law. I thank you, Sir, for the candour you have shewn me; you have behaved worthy the office you fill. Alas! how few are equal to its mighty demands, who ignorantly and wantonly sport with the calamities of men, and abuse one of the most precious deposits, distributive justice!"

"A shout of approbation ran through the assembly. The inn-keeper advanced to shake him by the hand, swearing he was an honest man, and should have free quarters whenever he came that road: and so much command had his voice and words, that every man seemed happy who could get to congratulate him."

“ You will believe me, my dear father, I shared his triumph. I explained to Mr. Zandiver who he was; and entreated him to prevail with him to stay. I was certain, said I mentally, of his innocence. He could not, I am certain, deceive. Alas! his countenance declares him too good to be a Christian. Mr. Zandiver could not prevail on him to remain to supper, not even when seconded by Mr. Landorn. He entreated to be excused; that urgent business called him away. “ But,” said Mr. Zandiver, “ I would thank you, in the name of a relation, for undescribable services rendered to us, and in the name of that relation entreat your company.”

“ Whilst he said this, he pointed to me. Theodore raised his eyes to where I sat; made me a low bow, and then turned away, saying, “ Cease, my dear Sir, I entreat to overwhelm me with compliments: my heart is too full to bear more than it contains; and the greatest obligation you can confer on me, now and when-
foever

soever we may chance to meet, is to pass me over unnoticed." He broke from him without waiting a reply, and from that hour till this afternoon I have never seen or heard of him."

"Thou hast," said Shechem, "revealed to me an action that has raised this young man in my estimation far above princes. Yet my mind is bewildered in confusion, and lost in doubts. I would, for thy sake, he were an Israelite: but as it is, the kindred of friendship is allowed, and he shall be to thee in place of a brother."

A heavy sigh escaped the bosom of Eve; but she was unable, perhaps unwilling, to express the sentiments it contained. "I must go," said Shechem, "I must embrace the deliverer of my daughter, and thank him for services I cannot repay." He descended into the counting-house; but Theodore had retired to his chamber: he followed him thither, and without notice, his mind being too much agitated to admit of ceremony,

mony, entered the room, but the appearance of Theodore made him shrink from the intrusion.

He was leaning on his hands against the window, the picture, tied with black ribbon, was lying on the ledge before him, and the tears were suffered in silence to steal down his cheeks. He started at the opening of the door, hurried the picture into his bosom, and with an effort overcame the sorrow that filled him nearly to choking. He assumed comparative composure, desiring Benfadi to enter, as he had something to communicate.

"I do not doubt, Sir," said he, "your daughter has mentioned a trifling service I once had the happiness to perform, and which, I fear, has raised in her tender bosom a gratitude bordering on softer sensations. I am not ignorant of the motions of the human heart. I can discern the movements of passion where a common observer may perceive nothing. You will not therefore impute my suspicions to self-flattery, when

when I fear that your daughter is susceptible, at least she feels the first impression of passion. I observed, on the night of my examination, that she dwelt with eagerness on every word I said. I saw her eyes enkindle, her cheeks alternately flush and turn pale; and though I knew not then the difference of our religion, yet a barrier arises for ever between us. How much more then is it rendered impossible, when religion and fortune unite to divide us: and though I do not love your daughter in the common acceptance of the word, I must fly, for her sake and my own."

"Not so, not so, my son," repeated Shechem, "we will establish an union of friendship, pure as the association of Jacob's sons. Tear not thyself away from an aged father, whose grey hairs thou mightest lead down to the grave in peace, for to thy virtues I could confide the greatest of trusts, the protection of my daughter. I have suffered, and know how to reverence sorrow; thine then shall be sacred. Consider if thy heart is so desolate

solate that it will not afford rest to affection—consider if the charms of society cannot touch thee with satisfaction. From this moment thou shalt be possessed of independence, only remain with us.”

Theodore was overcome by a friendship so unbounded; his tongue refused acknowledgment, but he looked assent: and Shechem, not willing to restrain him by his presence, returned to his daughter, taking care not to hint at the suspicions of Theodore, nor indeed to mention any thing that might lead to a subject he wished of all others to avoid.

CHAP. V.

Lo! dark suspicions rise like distant clouds,
And as they gather shadow o'er the day.

ON the morrow Eve had brought herself to that tone of temper which gave resignation to her mind: and feminine pride held her in silence. Contented, if not happy, that Theodore remained in the house, she endeavoured to reconcile herself to the idea of being no more than a nominal relation, though many little offices she took delight to perform, and the hymn he had heard, was repeated with pleasure morning and evening. But though they now frequently conversed, frequently were together, no sentiment warmer than friendship escaped the lips of Theodore, nor did he seek to be in her company, though that company ever gave him pleasure, merely perhaps, because there is an invisible charm in the soft conversation of a female, which fascinates the soul of man.

“Thou

“Thou shalt witness,” said Shechem, one evening, “a secret source of wealth which flows in upon me, benefits mankind, and supports a number of poor families, who must otherwise perish from the earth. Thou lovest not to enter the streets, but under the darkness of night, thou wilt be shielded from danger.”

After some reflection, Theodore consented, and accompanied his friend into a narrow winding alley in Rosemary Lane. About fifteen paces up they turned into a court, where stood a house of extensive dimensions, but miserable appearance, and surrounded with filth. The very dregs of Judah's tribes seemed gathered in a little yard, to which a swine house would have been clean, and to the grunting of whose inhabitants might be compared the jargon of Dutch and ill pronounced Hebrew. The ragged group, the disgusting scents, and confusion of dialect was sufficient to startle a stranger; and Theodore was drawing back, till he recollected the folly of fear.

Shechem

Shechem led the way into the house, and seated himself in a large chair at the upper end of the chamber, dark with the smoky of several old copper lamps. Near a hundred of these people entered, taking their seats on the benches. Theodore compared them in his mind to a band of robbers met to consult depredations on mankind; or midnight conspirators, plotting treason, and revolution of empire. They seemed a chosen band for infernal projects, and their ill looking countenances would have condemned them to the galleys. Nor was this an unapt allusion, from the raggedness and ill look of their persons and garments, the dismal appearance of the place, dark as the regions of Pluto, with not one ornament to meet the eye: but this reflection gave place to admiration at the benevolence of the institution.

Two Jews borne down by many days, attended to keep order. Bensadi sat on a chair at the end of a large oak table, and seated Theodore on a bench beside him. A man instantly advanced,

vanced, and drawing from his pocket a purse, laid it on the table, stopping a moment to consider, and in that moment, Theodore thought he was indeed one of those his fancy had portrayed.

"I borrowed of thee," said the Jew, "a sum which trade hath enabled me to repay with interests, and may all the childrens of the Hebrews be so prospered."—Shechem smiled, and taking the money, counted it over, whilst another made an entry in a large book.—Another Jew advanced, his want was to borrow; he stated the advantage he expected, and received the sum. Many more followed on the same grounds, and then advanced others who had so much trusted to them per month, with which they bartered, provided for their families, and for its use, till trade enabled them to return the principal, deducted to Shechem a dividend of their gain. This class was those who hawk about the streets, and trade on a scanty foundation. The last, was a number of the most miserable, together with

with boys and girls, who not being entrusted with cash, received daily from the treasures a quantity of goods, for which they accounted at night, and also divided their gains. By this Theodore learnt, that the whole house was a store, and an institution worthy to be imitated.

“Strange,” thought he, “that actions like these should be buried in oblivion, and lost in a corner, whilst the charity of a subscription, blazes not indeed on the house top, but in the kitchens of taverns. This is a charity established on an inexhaustible fund, and may be termed a self-existing institution. How much better policy would it be to subscribe to industry than to idleness, by supplying the means of labour. In times of scarcity, surely it is not the way to procure plenty, by becoming prodigal of the stock in hand, but if subscriptions went to provide constant employ, to give bounties for bringing those articles to market which are sent abroad, when the market price at home was equal to the market abroad, or under it by so much

much as freight and tare, no man in his senses would take the hazard of exportation. Thus no real scarcity could be felt. By the multiplication of idle hands, the source of productive labour is fapped:—The old, the infirm, and the feeble, ought to find relief and be excused from labour. But the idle and profligate would be better reclaimed by enforced employ, than by hanging, transportation, or subscription.”

• Theodore might be right, but he was a little enthusiastic, for who will give a guinea, but to procure himself pleasure, and where is the pleasure in dropping a guinea by the way in our journey through life: whilst who does not feel the stimulus of latent pride tingle through his fingers, when he sets down Mr. ——— one pound, one, beneath my Lord Runagate, and is absolutely in print with peers and cow-keepers.

The business was concluded in two hours with great regularity, and when they returned home, Eve received them with a smile, and seemed
pleased

pleased that Theodore had returned in safety from his first excursion, she invited them to a little supper she had provided with her own hands, after which she entertained them with one of Handal's famous pieces from Alexander's feast; pronouncing with an expression not to be mistaken,

Lovely Thais sits beside thee,
Take the goods the gods provide thee.

A deep sigh escaped from Theodore, he became thoughtful, and soon after retired to his chamber. Business is the best remedy against all diseases and afflictions of the mind, which are either the offspring of idleness, or nurtured by her to perfection. The secret malady which preyed upon Theodore, seemed in some measure to admit relief from employ; and even at times to be wholly absorbed amidst papers and accounts. Employ likewise furnished a pretence of frequently absenting himself from the too charming Jewess, when the absence of her father might have embarrassed their conversation.

“He

“He shuns me,” would Eve say to herself; “he is too high-minded to love me. Alas! he perhaps sighs for another; for Eliza. But who is Eliza—Yet, did he look on me with affection, religion must for ever divide us. Were I certain he beheld me with esteem, I should be happy; strange, that he should here bury himself from the world. And did I not think it impossible he could sigh in vain, I should think he had been unfortunate in love. Mysterious Theodore, what can be your reasons for so profound a secrecy, which even the intercourse of friendship cannot pervade; and above all, how is thy life in danger.”

So would she amuse herself alone, indulging that passion which she ought to have struggled to overcome, and which she suffered to occupy the place of every other thought, though her eyes only revealed the feelings of her mind. For near three months no accident intervened to disturb their tranquillity, or check the increasing passion of Eve, which was ill confined within

within the limits of friendship, and gave her father many a pang for the weakness of his child.

One morning when Shechem was out, and Rebekah employed with Eve, a single knock at the door called the attention of Theodore, and he ventured to open it. A young man in black entered, and bowing low, exhibited features which mourned without occasion of dress. When the door was closed, and he seated in the parlour, he began, after many apologies and much encouragement from Theodore, who pitied his confusion.

"It is, sir," said he, "I confess, much against my will to apply, where common report deals so hardly, but my request has been denied by those who call themselves Christians, and my last resource must be, where my least hopes of success were placed, and when I reflect on the terms I am going to propose, I am obliged before hand to meet your denial."

“ If,” said Theodore, “ you conceive me to be connected with the business of Mr. Ben-sadi, I must correct your mistake: though I can reveal to him any matter you will trust to my charge.”

“ 'Tis enough,” said the youth, “ you Sir, are young like myself, and will therefore attend more kindly to what age might reject as impertinent. My father, sir, is lately dead; he was in business, and I believed in affluence, from his expences. I was his partner, and thinking he would act with discretion, made no scrutiny into his conduct, nor exacted my portion of the income, believing it established in the funds. From this delusion I was aroused by his death, and the demands of creditors, whose claims I satisfied till nearly my last guinea had been exhausted.—On the strength of my establishment, I had married a young lady, little used to distress, but of a sweetness of disposition which forbears upbraiding, and converts complaints into comfort and consolation; the more distressing

breffing to me, as it makes my fituation I cannot indeed fay how miserable. After much trouble, I have received an offer of eftablifhment abroad, which will be lucrative; but for which I muft pay down a premium I am unable to raife, and have only to offer the fecurity of my bond."

"And what," faid Theodore, "is to become of your wife, or does ſhe go with you?"

"There," faid he, "is another and the chief caufe of my trouble; ſhe cannot go to India under a hundred pounds, a hundred pounds are to me a fortune. To leave her behind wrings me to the foul, and will furely break the heart of my ſuffering wife, who inſiſts on ſharing my fortune, and dividing with me the toils I muſt ſuffer. The grief which you ſee, ſo unmanly, is not for what has, or can happen to myſelf, but I ſhudder to reflect on the miſeries I have brought on a woman, whom I prize more than my exiſtence."

"Hold, I beseech you, my dear sir," cried Theodore, rising up, and turning away his face; "it is dangerous to represent your wife in colours so glowing. Wait till I speak to Bensadi's daughter, who may perhaps influence her father in your favour, though you must acknowledge to lend money without security, is not common with Jew or Christian."

"I am come," said Theodore, on entering the room where Eve sat, "to ask a favour of my sister."—"And what," said Eve, blushing, "can my brother ask, which I will not willingly grant?"

"I am then," returned he, "to petition in favour of two persons brought to distress, and who feel for each other that soft sentiment of union, which doubles to each their sufferings, because the other partakes. In short, it is a young man who must be torn from his beloved wife, from her who should give value to his days, and smile upon his exertions with joy.—

He

He must drag out his life in climes impregnate with pestilence, and be debarred every intercourse of love, unless you can save him, and take his simple word for reimbursement."

The cheeks of Eve glowed with a tint pure as the rose of Carmel, her eyes darted a glance of undisguised meaning at Theodore, and with inexpressible softness she answered.—"Is it possible, Theodore, you can so well paint the passion of love in others, and not have felt it yourself—Ah! I see you must have loved.—I will part with my watch and my jewels to free those for whom you plead, from distress."

Theodore was confused at a speech so unexpectedly kind and almost unequivocal. He had been touched by the story of the young man, he felt the blood mount into his cheeks, but some reflections crowding to his mind, he sighed, as he usually did, when he felt what he could not express; and thanking Eve for her goodness, proposed that she should mention it at

dinner to her father, and he would desire the young man to call again in the evening. "And why this form," said Eve, "surely you may command a sum to ten times the amount, and I will be your security."

"And ten times I thank you," returned he, "for so high an opinion in my favour: but, too lovely girl, beware, that gratitude does not lead you into error. I was destitute when your father took me in, I was proscribed the haunts of mankind when he received me, and did you know me, perhaps you would shudder at my presence, or fly from me as a plague."

After a confession like this, which circumstances had wrested from him, he hastened away, leaving Eve more bewildered and confused than she had ever yet been. For what could render him obnoxious to society, but the committal of some crime, and that crime must be high in the scale of guilt, which should lead him to suppose that friends who valued him so greatly, would
then

then detest and shun him ; in vain she strove to bring some crime before her view, that should raise in her mind this idea of horror ; but whether it was that to Theodore, whose actions appeared incapable of guile, she could not impute any thing bad, she could affix to him no one action amounting to such a supposition.—She was strongly tempted to endeavour to draw his secret from him. She repented not having followed the opening he had given her, which was the first time he had ever said so much, and she therefore hoped he might again be drawn into the same subject.

Whilst these reflections agitated her mind, Shechem returned ; but I know not how it is, that in affairs of the heart, children, who make no secret of any thing besides, conceal with sedulous anxiety every relation to matters of love : so it was with Eve, who, whilst she treasured up sorrow to herself, endeavoured to conceal it from her father, and of the conversation of the morning, related only what concerned the stran-

ger. When Theodore appeared at dinner, Shechem enquired with a smile, what was the name of the youth, whose situation he had so pathetically described to Eve—"It was Collier." "Collier!" repeated the Jew, "he is a wine merchant, and as he says, has married a young woman, who is truly the ornament of her sex. This is well, for in this world so many impostors assume the form of the good, that caution is required in listening to tales of distress. He is an excellent young man, and when he married, the world thought he might have done better; as the young woman was without fortune, her father having shot himself in a fit of despair."

The cheeks of Theodore became pale, his knife fell from his hand, and with difficulty he reached, and tremblingly he drank part of a glass of water; for at Shechem's table the unadulterated element superceded fermented liquor. Eve tremblingly enquired what had so suddenly affected him, whilst Shechem leaned back in his chair silently wondering.

"I am

"I am perfectly well now," replied Theodore, "it was only a start of my ancient disorder."

"I am glad of it," returned Shechem, "let us now consider how Collier can receive our assistance. I have a quantity of Lisbon goods, which I know he understands; under my eye he might be again established in business; and that he may not consider himself my servant, but may retain his self-importance, which is the spirit of industry, I will propose becoming his partner, and he for the defection of stock, shall give the whole of his attention."

"Admirable!" cried Theodore, "he will not then be parted from his wife, he will remain in a country where, after every drawback, a larger portion of good exists than is to be found in any other beneath the circle of the heavens. He will be blessed, and oh! how blessed in the endearments of a wife who loves him, beyond
which

which this earth cannot produce a superior felicity."

"Thou speakest," said Shechem, the tears trickling from his eyes, "as one who had experienced, but lost the good in question. I myself once was happy with a woman whom I loved, she was the counterpart of Eve in person and manners."

"Then," replied Theodore, "you must have been happy. I have never ventured to enquire how you were deprived of her, because I too well know the barbarity of touching on griefs of this nature."

The eyes of Eve had been raised with sweetness to the face of Theodore at the compliment he had made her, but they were turned away in sorrow at the deep dejection, she observed, whilst he spoke. To his question, Shechem answered, "that his wife had been assassinated by a banditti, carried from his house, and lost to

to him for ever." He had not time to say more, ere Theodore had closed his eyes, his features expressed a feeling not to be described, he seemed to tremble through his frame, and struggle with some violent emotion.

In less than a minute he arose to quit the room without speaking, when Shechem caught him by the arm—"Tell me," cried he, "O Theodore, whence"—The interdiction of Theodore instantly crossed him, he stopped, not daring to continue the interrogation, for though this mystery was dreadfully painful, he could not hazard the loss of one, who in every thing else was so suited as a companion to his age, and a character rarely found. Theodore broke from him with commanding resolution, and hurried to indulge in private the excess of his feelings, leaving Eve and her father subject to variety of painful conjecture.

"I have observed," said Shechem, "that there are points which touch our friend to the soul,

which act upon him with the velocity of electric fire, producing emotions that can only arise from excessive calamity, or secret guilt. I have marked that the mention of violence strikes him with horror, and thou hast seen how he hath been moved this day: first, by the mention of suicide, and lastly, and mostly, by murder."

"O horrid!" cried Eve, clapping her hands together, "what is it you suspect? What dreadful idea do you lead me to? Can Theodore possibly be guilty of the blood of man. He, whose every word, look, and action, are kindness, generosity, and benevolence. Yet this very day he told me, if I knew him, I should shudder at his presence, and fly from him as a plague. Oh, dreadful reflection!"

"I would," replied Shechem, "be far from attributing or suspecting guilt, but truly I cannot form to myself any other answer to his oftentimes strange behaviour; and the only way
I can

I can admit his innocence, is by supposing a derangement of mind from grief, during which the idea of some horrid crime, hath so impressed itself on his sense, that when any leading point is touched, he starts as if actually guilty."

"You have greatly eased me," returned Eve; "indeed you know not how much I was affected at the supposition, that he could be capable of a crime so repugnant to nature, and in future let us beware how we trifle with feelings not yet properly subdued."

Shechem smiled at the sophistry with which his daughter was willing to be satisfied, whilst in his own mind he was more than ever confirmed, from leading evidence, that Theodore was somehow connected with this highest of crimes. The time that he had rescued his daughter, he had been concealed in the wood. When examined for forgery he had obstinately refused his name, at the hazard of imprisonment. At the time of his first acquaintance, he

was wandering the streets at the hour of midnight, and add to this his desire of concealment, and involuntary emotions, when the discourse tended that way; and every collateral evidence was clear. Yet so many virtues shone in his actions, so high a sense of justice dictated his words, that if guilty, it must be unintentionally so, and therefore morally innocent. Thus, by another sophism, he reconciled to himself retaining in his house a man he suspected of murder.—

His chief concern was for Eve, whom he saw, notwithstanding Theodore's supposed engagements, and the restrictions of religion, still encourage sentiments which sapped the foundation of her happiness, and which no expedient offered to remove, but by parting with its object, or suffering their marriage spite of religion and law.

Though a Jew, skilled in the learning of the Talmud and Mosaic law, he was without those prejudices

prejudices that attend on superstition. He saw clearly, that when those precepts were first instituted, they were designed as a prevention of communication between the Israelite and Heathen, lest by the influence and interchange of the softer sex, they might be led into the practice of idolatry. Yet now, taking up the argument in a religious way, the danger existed no longer; both Jew and Christian agreeing in the chief article of worship, though divided about what the understanding of neither can comprehend. In a civil light, man was created for the society of man. The distinction of kingdom and people was childish, and fit only to insult the understanding. But whilst he indulged himself in these speculations, he avoided hinting to Eve, that there was a possibility she should ever become the wife of Theodore, that the unattainability of the object might blunt or destroy the ardour of hope: for however he might have wished for such a character (so far as observation could judge) as his son-in-law, under the present circumstances he could not have

have allowed it, had even the affections of Theodore been placed upon her, which he believed was far from the case, as the observation he had made when he entered his chamber abruptly, and the words, O Eliza, which his daughter had heard, led him to conclude some prior engagement retained him.

CHAP. VI.

Again on life's wide ocean tost,
The traces of his fate were lost.

THEODORE, awhile overcome by the shock he had received, gave way to a burst of grief, that amounted nearly to distraction; for though passions may, by the efforts of reason, be borne down, and perhaps finally overcome, yet when accident lets them loose, consideration and reflection fly before them.

As calmness began to succeed, he once more determined no longer to remain where, though his presence gave pleasure, it was alloyed by pain. Yet to go without explaining his conduct, he feared would brand him with ingratitude, and he trembled to reveal the secret which destroyed every approach to peace, and which, when unemployed, was the subject of every thought.

thought. Thus he lingered in determination till his desire to depart became weak, and the barren prospect of again being cast on the world, where he might wander through life without finding another Bensadi, determined his stay; though had he known the dark suspicions of his benefactor, no argument could have held him.

The approaching hour, when Mr. Collier was to return, awakened him to the business of life; and concealing the remains of perturbation on his countenance, he descended to the receiving room. Exactly at the hour appointed the young man knocked at the door, and entered with timidity.

"I am almost," said he, "fearful of asking my doom, convinced that my expectations were romantic, and not within the limits of custom." Theodore stated to him the proposal of Bensadi, softening the obligation, by saying, that his master rejoiced at an opportunity, which he had
fared.

feared would not have presented, of entering into a line so lucrative.

"I am overwhelmed," cried the young man ;
"I am indeed unable to thank you. Conceive my feelings at this moment, when enabled to remain in the society of a virtuous woman, with prospects of providing for any children we may have. Think, Sir, with yourself, what I have suffered ; tormented with the horrid prospect of bringing into life, beings to be doomed to misery and all the wants of poverty. But forgive me. I can scarcely believe my senses ; for that a Jew should act the part of so much philanthropy confounds me with wonder."

Shechem being apprized of Collier's presence, hastened to settle the preliminaries of the engagement ; and whilst he bestowed a favour of so much importance, launched out into the benefits he expected to receive himself. Thus will true benevolence, when obliged to appear, soften

soften to the receiver the humiliation of acknowledgment.

Theodore frequently attended the storehouse in Rosemary-lane, being now more bold in venturing through the streets; and had, on emergency, carried letters to the office on foreign post nights. It was one Tuesday night that he was returning, at near twelve o'clock, when a cry of murder, in a bye lane, alarmed him, and he instantly hastened to the spot, where he perceived a man struggling with a woman, who called aloud for help.

"Stand off," cried he to Theodore; "she is my wife. I have caught her this night with a gallant at a tavern, and will do myself justice."

"Listen," said Theodore, "to a man who had lost the power of attending. If such be the conduct of your wife, let her go; surely her
crime

crime is no authority to you to execute vengeance."

"D—n her," cried he, "she has robbed me to give to her paramour; she has defiled my bed; she has ruined me; and shall die, by Heaven, she shall die."

Theodore attempted to stay his arm, which was lifted up with a knife in his hand, at the same time calling for assistance. But the husband, strengthened by rage and injured honour, plunged the fatal weapon into her body, and in repeating the stroke, stabbed Theodore (who had thrust himself between them) into the shoulder.

A number of stragglers came running forward at the same time, and with difficulty secured the assassin; carrying the wounded woman to an hospital, and Theodore to Bensadi's, for the wound was made in a dangerous direction, and he found himself sickened and turned faint.

faint. The good Jew was alarmed at the appearance of so many strangers before his door at that hour ; but recollecting that he had neither to fear impalement for the glory of Mahomet, nor a gentle roasting for the glory of Christianity, he ventured to enquire in person, and felt no little concern at the information.

Theodore was conveyed to bed, and a surgeon, who lived at no great distance, sent for to dress the wound : but whether owing to its influence, or the perturbation excited in his mind by the action of murder, is unknown, but perhaps both combined to make him light headed, before the arrival of the surgeon.

That gentleman examined the wound, which he pronounced curable ; and being a man of humanity, and casting his eye round on the barrenness of the chamber, enquired if the youth had friends who would be answerable for the charges, for if not, he would undertake the task for nothing. The eye of Shechem beamed a glance

a glance of pleasure, but his attention was too much fixed on Theodore to reply ; and the surgeon, who had combined with the name of Jew every concomitant of parsimonious meanness, easily accounted for the expression of satisfaction.

In stripping him, to examine the wound, the miniature picture, before mentioned, was discovered, the care of which Schechem took upon himself; and though his curiosity was great to learn any thing relative to his young friend, his present situation required the whole of his attention, and the portrait was carefully secured in his pocket-book.

Rebekah was left to take care of Theodore, whilst Schechem, having dismissed his visitors, hastened to inform his daughter of what had happened, to prevent the ill consequences which sudden information might produce. But Eve had already been alarmed; so unusual a disturbance had destroyed every sweet image that
smiled

smiled on her slumbers, and she awoke confused and affrighted with the idea of she knew not what.

She called Rebekah; but Rebekah was too far distant to hear, and several rooms were to be passed: beside the noise soon ceased to be loud, though now and then she fancied she could distinguish a groan of distress. Every moment she was ready to brave the danger, and fly to be satisfied; but every moment she hesitated, expecting her father or Rebekah would come. Trembling, and in the confusion so natural on suddenly waking from sleep, she had attempted to dress, but darkness and fear took from her the power, and at length, having gained the door as she was, she bent forward to catch some sound, when she distinguished—"He will do well, the wound is not so dangerous as might have been expected." Her father's reply left her no room to doubt who it was that was wounded; and she sunk back on her bed, repeating faintly, "Ah! he is killed, he is killed."

In

In this situation Shechem beheld the beloved daughter of his soul: he cast himself upon the bed, and for a moment indulged in unavailing complaint. His voice it might be reaching her gentle spirit as it was about to depart, recalled it on its journey, and with a sigh of "O my father! O Theodore!" she opened her eyes.

"I thank thee, O Heaven!" cried the parent, "my daughter still lives. Eve! my beloved Eve! recall thy senses and be composed."

"Is he not then dead?" murmured she. "Do you not deceive me? Will he live to be mine?"—"What askest thou?" said Shechem, not knowing whether to impute this question to reason or delirium: "Is this youth then so necessary to thy existence?"

"Ah!" replied Eve, hiding her face with her hands, "is it then necessary for me to confess my weakness? Cannot you read in my actions

the sentiments of my mind? But tell me what accident has happened."

"Theodore," answered Shechem, pressing her hand between his, "has been slightly wounded by a man who was quarrelling with his wife, but will soon recover. It is late, or I would speak to thee on a subject of even more moment; for truly I fear the wound in thy bosom will be far more difficult to cure."

Eve held down her head; perhaps ashamed of having said so much: and Shechem rejoicing that she had recovered her reason, bade her good night, returning to see how Theodore rested. The slight delirium which had at first attacked the disordered mind of the sufferer, had indeed subsided, but a fever began to burn in his veins, and parched his mouth with thirst. Rebekah attended with care to his wants, and was reluctantly persuaded to relinquish her office to the benignant Jew, who persisted in attending him through the night; counting till morning the

the hours by his sighs, and by reflection that numbered up the evils he had suffered, and the distress gathering to overwhelm him in this attachment of his daughter.

A disturbed kind of sleep had closed the senses of Theodore; and Shechem, for the first time, remembered the portrait, which now he took from his pocket-book to examine, with some distant hope that it might lead to a discovery of moment. It was elegantly set in gold. But his attention was much more engaged by features that, taken altogether, were lovely, though each detached, could not have claimed superiority. There appeared a mildness of expression that, even in a picture, engaged the heart, and the *tout ensemble* exhibited a mind at peace with itself and mankind, untroubled by passion, unsubdued by misfortune. The features were light, and their exact proportion, accorded with the harmony that dwelt beneath them. Behind was an intermixture of hair, and in gold letters the single name of Eliza, which could convey

no intelligence; and all that conjecture could fancy, arose from the value of the trinket, which could not have been the purchase of one in even middling circumstances.

It was plain, however, that this Eliza was dear to Theodore, and that Eve could have little return of affection to hope. He saw that thus every concession to friendship only tended to grief, and that necessity demanded the sacrifice of banishment, which wealth might make easy on the part of Theodore, and time on that of his daughter. Pursuing this idea, and once supposing they must part, he determined to brave the interdiction, and wrest at once a secret which excited the extreme of curiosity, apprehension, and wonder.

The morning dawned upon those reflections; he arose from the bed, and casting his eye upon the tops of the shipping and the distant hills, admiring the profound silence which reigned on a spot, where bustle and the sons of commerce were

were shortly to act, when his attention was drawn towards a light step which passed along the passage, and to a whisper which called the name of Rebekah.

He opened the door, and a deep blush covered the pale cheeks of Eve, whilst she falteringly asked if Theodore was better, saying, she thought Rebekah had been there, and enquired if her father would not retire, lest his own health might be endangered.

“Ah! Eve, Eve!” said Shechem, in a mournful tone, “thine eyes tell me they have been strangers to sleep; and thy feet have betrayed thee to where thy thoughts have been wandering. It is a dangerous indulgence; but I will give thy heart the high gratification of watching the slumbers of its present inmate. There is always a time to be miserable, though few are the moments allotted to happiness.” So saying, he passed her; and Eve, trembling, yet pleased, sat down on the trunk near the bed, fixing her eyes on

the face of Theodore, who now and then moaned in his sleep, without uttering a sentence of distinction.

The fond tender girl wept at the unknown troubles he suffered under; and naturally remembering the time when she first had seen him, when she sunk insensible into his arms, "O," said she, "that I could then have impressed him with those sentiments his present insensibility inspires in me! But Eliza! too lovely, too happy Eliza!"

"Who, where," said Theodore, starting from his sleep, "who tells me of Eliza?" Eve was too confused to answer; she had been betrayed inadvertently to express her thoughts aloud, and dreading that he might have heard a confession, which for worlds she would not willingly have made, she turned hastily round to the window.

"I have

"I have been dreaming," said Theodore, recovering himself, "but how shall I thank you for this kindness? I am born to be troublesome."

"It is no trouble to me," replied she, "waiting on the friend of my father: he is just gone, after remaining with you most part of the night. Do you find yourself any better?"

"I know not," he returned; "I feel a confusion in my head; I am parched with thirst; but the wound is very little painful."—"I hope," said Eve, "quietness will do much for your recovery; let us not talk." Theodore would have obeyed this gentle injunction, as he found himself unable to support a conversation; but putting his hand upon his bosom, he missed the picture of Eliza, and enquired eagerly if Eve had found it.

She had not. "I am then undone," cried he, "I have lost the only remains of Eliza!—I

have lost the image of the most excellent of women, and now let me die."

"Not so," said Eve, with emotion. "If you have lost one, is there no other who can compare with her? Is there no other of equal tenderness or charms for you? at least there may be those who can love you as well."—"I fear," replied Theodore, "I trouble you with my sorrows; your heart attributes too much to gratitude. Think then of me, my fair sister, as one so proscribed from returns of affection, that to repose in you my confidence would be to excite your eternal hatred."

"Impossible!" said the trembling maid. "There is not a crime I can suppose you guilty of which amounts to any thing like it; and let me say farther, I am well assured your fancy must exaggerate, and that whatever preys on your spirits, undermines your health by being confined to yourself; endeavour then to live for us."

Silence

Silence ensued; Theodore brooding over what hung upon his mind and on the words he had heard from Eve. He knew that circumstances formed a barrier insurmountable to their union, had he wished it himself; but what he felt for Eve surpassed not the limits of a tender affection—friendship softened by the difference of sex; and though he might in other situations have yielded to the passion she evidently had for him without reluctance, nay with pleasure, (for he did not believe, like some of our law-making ancestors, that a man marrying a Jew merited burning alive) it was now a matter of grief, which flight alone could end.

To strengthen this resolution, he enumerated the consequences of his night's adventure. In case the woman should die, he must appear as evidence against the murderer: he shuddered at such a situation; for the man had been injured in a way which must rouse up every spark of resentment, must kindle rage and revenge unquenchable in the bosom of a feeling man: but

above this, there was something in his mind which acquiesced in the action, though justly censurable, and such as ought to be left to the punishment of public justice. Yet here public justice was incompetent; what could repair the injury suffered? on the contrary, shame would affix itself on the sufferer, and add the stigma of ridicule to the feelings of the unfortunate man.

Thus two powerful arguments urged Theodore to determine on flight from the asylum of friendship, added impatience to his confinement, and trouble at the necessity there was of appearing ungrateful towards Bensadi, and unfeeling towards the tender girl, who was hourly adding to obligations already burdensome.

These reflections retarded his cure to considerable length; the cure of the surgeon having happily overcome, in its commencement, the fever which threatened to be of dangerous consequence. Eve was constant in her attendance;
the

the dismal chamber appeared preferable to her own; the dark smoky walls and grated windows excited no disgust in a young lady of nineteen. So true it is, that with the object of affection, the external things of this life become only secondary considerations.

Theodore learnt the death of the woman. The husband was imprisoned, and he was subpoenaed as principal witness, the trial standing over till his recovery. Shechem perceived the deep impression this affair had upon him; and at his request made every possible enquiry into the character and habits of life usual to the prisoner. "For with me," said he, "that will have considerable influence, though perhaps of little weight in a court of judicature, in a case of this nature, as the act of lying in wait will be construed into premeditated malice; for though the law allows time to intervene, in which the spirits may be supposed to reason after an outrage, to constitute murder. Yet who shall say that reason can act on a mind raised to torture and madness."

The result of those enquiries stated, that the prisoner was a tradesman who had married the daughter of a small country gentleman, merely for the charms of her person, her mind possessing no other quality than a desire after splendor, dress and expence, ill calculated to the income of business. That she was petulant, and not to be wrought on by endearments. That he had, whilst any affection for her person remained, gratified her to the extent of her demands; but when prudence restrained a repetition of supply, the lady contrived underneath to support her expences, and whilst the husband served behind the counter, the lady was sporting on parties of pleasure, with *ladies* of an equal pretension, and *gentlemen* whose law is *honor* at the point of a sword, and whose logic is the *argumentum ad hominem*. These were however in scarlet, and therefore men of true courage, they would likewise blow you the brains out of half a dozen rascally husbands, who dare to interrupt their *sport*; and courage is one grand path to the female heart, which seldom distinguishes the man
who

who struts and looks big in company beneath him, from the modest man who avoids dispute, who rather takes an affront than disturb the peace of society, but who in moments of real danger, rises above fear, who when called on to act in the cause of his country, towers above danger, braves every form of destruction, and sinking, sighs blessings on the land of his birth.

With one of the first of these *honorable* gentlemen, whose sole dependance was a commission, the giddy wife of the prisoner had become acquainted, and the usual consequences of such acquaintance followed, till repetition of injury and neglect, rankling in the bosom of the injured husband, who found himself embarrassed by a multitude of debts he was ignorant of till the demand for payment, changed him in every sentiment of love, to inveterate hatred. All the prospects of domestic comfort he had formed were destroyed, and in the moment of anguish he had laid in wait to satiate revenge.

“ Can

“Can I then,” cried Theodore, when he heard this detail, “can I heap coals of fire upon his head—I may condemn, I may pity, but I cannot prosecute. Tell me, O Shechem, what are your sentiments. Could man bear the injuries he had suffered? What could atone? What, O my soul! I can think, but I cannot express myself.”

“Son of mine affections,” cried Shechem, “I waited without giving mine opinion, until thy mind should have settled its mode of action, for I could not influence thy judgement of justice, when the life of man was at stake. The customs of this country allow punishment of death to him who robs thee of worldly goods to a very trivial amount; whilst he who robs thee of thy wife’s affections, who steals away the essence of thy existence, and verily a part of thyself (for thy church declareth the unity of man and wife) this man escapes with a trivial fine, which if rich is a matter of little consideration, and the stigma of ridicule is affixed to thy name.

To

To speak of natural justice would be nonsense; it is society which fixes every standard of the penal code, but in this case thou seest the very absurd difference; and that thy repose and happiness are not equal to a few pence."

Art thou a Jew? Theodore was ready to ask; but he had prior to this heard the eccentricity of his opinions, and eyed him with that look of enquiry, which implies, dare I repose in thee the confidence thou appearest to deserve.—A ray of cheerfulness spread over his face, where a smile was seldom permitted to remit that habitual contraction of brow we have before noticed, and for the first time since his residence with Shiehem, he appeared at repose with himself.—This was not the moment when a man like Bensadi would call up disagreeable images, and he postponed for the present the interrogation he had intended.

In the evening of this day, Theodore found himself so much better, and his spirits so high,
that

that he ventured to the sitting room, where the powers of music were exerted to charm him, and the chords of harmony revibrated those sounds of love, which the tongue of their mistress could not express.—“I will fly,” said Theodore to himself, whilst the strains of softness touched his soul. “This is dangerous and must be resisted.” He had indeed determined this before; but who has not experienced the lingering desire, of yet a little and a little more indulgence, and at last been aroused from lethargy to action by some trifle of insignificance.

The next day and for several succeeding, he confined himself wholly to his chamber, being busied in a task he had imposed, of placing in Bensadi and his daughter the confidence they so well deserved, but which for various reasons he found it impossible to utter.

The sessions at the Old Bailey were at hand, the friends of the deceased had been to entreat his appearance, and but little remained to inaction,

tion, when Shechem with a peculiar expression of features entered, and seated himself at a table where Theodore had been writing, and on which lay a packet sealed.

“I would,” said Shechem, “preface to thee what I must say by declarations of friendship, but thou knowest me, and every reserve on my part shall be banished. Thou canst not but have observed the partiality of my daughter, thou knowest that on religion, though some may think different, I should not have opposed your union; but the mystery of thy behaviour, and above all, the affection thou assuredly hast for the original of this picture, makes it requisite that we understand each other.”

“Ah!” cried Theodore, grasping at the portrait, and pressing it to his lips, “have I again recovered the resemblance of my wife! my Eliza!”

“Thy

"Thy wife!" said Shechem with equal amazement. "Art thou then married? Is Eliza thy wife? Why dost thou thus seclude thyself, or is the lovely woman thou lamented no longer living?"

"Where have you led me," said Theodore, "I beseech ask me no more, I cannot expose my situation even to you, but I will fly and leave behind me those memorials which will perhaps call down on me your detestation, and effectually cure the weakness of your daughter. Yet you are not one of the common herd of mankind, and can pity crimes that cry aloud for vengeance. I am honoured in your good opinion, to that opinion I have made confession of what torture should not have extorted, and which to conceal hath shut me from society."

"Much," said Shechem, "as my desire of information relating to thy fortune, would tempt me to accept this packet, I will repress that desire, I will remain forever in ignorance,

if

if knowledge would be to thy injury; but if I am to receive it, take this in return; and as I suspect, may almost desire that thou wilt leave us, in whatsoever country, in whatsoever clime thou wanderest or residest, communicate with and call upon the friendship of Shechem Be-sedi."

"Formerly," said Theodore, taking the paper, "I refused your bounty because it was as a reward for moral service; now I will not refuse it, because it is the dotation of friendship, and will enable me to defy the chances of life. Permit me also to say a few words concerning Eve, for whose tenderness I grieve, and for whose peace I would willingly perform any sacrifice on myself. Absorbed as my whole soul is in the idea of Eliza, the charms of your daughter could not have entered the circle of my affections, but under the insinuating form of the most refined friendship. This I confess I had for her, as how indeed could any man be near her and not be enamoured of her sweetness of disposition

disposition and elegance of sense; and, perhaps, had not my situation been forlorn, had not my whole soul of love been absorbed, not another woman lives, whom I should prefer to your daughter; and I find in spite of reason, in spite of my resolution, that in parting from you and from her, another subject of sorrow, will be added to the many that already crowd upon me."

"I am like an old woman now," said Shechem, putting his handkerchief to his eye, "in the morning we will say more—Good night."

"Good night," repeated Theodore, pressing his hand, "may the next morning we meet be pleasant." Benfadi cast upon him a look of enquiry, but he turned round closing the door.—
"Now," cried Theodore to himself, "now must I fly from the habitation of virtue; now must I leave the best of the descendants of Adam. O fate! thou art unkind."

On

On the morrow Shechem arose early, and recollecting the last words of Theodore, descended into the parlour, suspecting his intentions might be to depart without taking leave, but his guest was already gone, without a hint or a trace to tell where. His mind was divided between the singularity of the event, and the necessity he was under of explaining to his daughter what he feared would greatly affect her. The packet he possessed held out indeed some probability of certainty—it would develop a behaviour which had eluded investigation, and he paused to consider its contents.

Once he had suspected murder—that reflection again returned, and he fancied that, from the discourses of Theodore on the recent transaction, he could trace his behaviour to a similar crime. Perhaps then, he had murdered his wife—he shuddered at the suggestion, and hastened to the sitting room to wait the rising of Eve.

“Thou

"Thou lookest unwell," said the tender parent on her entrance. "It grieves me to see thee sad—Thou shouldest remember, that women are rarely blessed with return from the man on which perchance their tenderest affections are placed. Pride and reason should arouse thy courage. In this world, my daughter, great and long is the travel of sorrow, and sorry I am to see thou so ill canst suffer. Why not imitate the man thou admirest, why not brave without sinking under the common crosses of life."

"I will imitate him," cried Eve, "I will show him I can suffer in silence; for your sake I will be strong." She then paused for a time, he gazed upon her, then taking her hand; "must I try thee?" said he, "must I call upon thy energy? be prepared then to receive tidings of sad news."

"What! what!" demanded she, eagerly, "can you tell me? has Theodore reposed in
your

your confidence his fatal secret? has he told you the crime that undermines his peace? or has he determined to leave us?"

"Yes," replied Shechem, "he has done all this, he has ~~left~~ me a paper which we will read together."

"Then he is gone," said she, mournfully. "I guessed so; I am not surprised." "He is, indeed," said the Jew, glad to see she had been sufficiently collected to hear what she must have expected—he saw with pleasure her eyes give way to tears, in which he took part, and patiently waited until she could attend with something like calmness. The breakfast was brought in and taken away, each being too full to desire refreshment. The door being shut, they sat down to unfold a paper whose contents they were ignorant of, and which they were warned would create their detestation of a man, at present so valued by both.

A certain

A certain weakness in the eyes of Bensadi, prevented his reading the paper, and in Eve it required a resolution, alone to be supported by curiosity and love.

CHAP. VII.

THE CONFESSIONS OF THEODORE CYPHON.

FOR a time I have hesitated in committing to your care a confession which will exhibit to you, that though now I vainly boast being master of my reason, I have been the slave of passions, and the patient of passion. After having found in the world a people possessing tenets established on the social affections, that however specious and apparently virtuous their actions, self was the secret and efficient power, I turned my eye with sorrow from their ways, and was ready to pronounce that good had departed the habitations of man; but in the hour when about to fly, I was conducted by you to renounce my error; and I now repose in you and your daughter what I had resolved my tongue should never utter to any breathing the breath of existence.

VOL. I.

H

I must

I must commence with slightly observing, that my grandfather was a man of very extensive property, possessing also a title which descended with the family estate. At his death, the two sons divided their inheritance. The eldest residing on the hereditary grounds, and the youngest on a small estate of eight hundred a year, a sum which he used to say placed him within sight of opulence, but held him from aspiring, unless he would cease to be independent and become the minion of a minister.

He married early in life a woman nearly twice his own age, because she had great expectations from an old uncle, who had hitherto remained a bachelor, and with whom she lived. Being left alone, and probably not pleased at finding the want of those little offices only feminine softness could perform, he adopted her example, and became father of an heir to his own estate. Thus the temper of my father was sowered, being disappointed in his first project of advancing the wealth of his family. It was certainly

tainly hard for a spirit proud and ambitious as his, to see every day before him the pomp of an elder brother, whom he fancied not so qualified to shine in the world as himself, for though ranking with nobles, his modes of thinking were despicable and low.

My father, who believed a vast distinction resided in the sound of Squire Cyphon and my Lord D——, turned his whole thoughts towards attaining in a second degree, a distinction he could not hope for himself; and whilst I was unacquainted with the rights of relationship, I was taught to bow to the will, and implicitly obey the commands of my uncle Theodoric.

My father, as another mode of raising his *pittance* as he called it, let his lands to their utmost value, pulled down the cottages of the poor, who, he declared, like weeds were an incumbrance to the ground; and whilst he himself scorned to bow at a court, played in his

own little domain, every freak of petulant power.

Taught to have no will of my own, or at least to wrap my wishes in disguise, I was habitually led to suffer restraint, and endure every indignity in silence. I should perhaps have been vindictive in turn, and inflicted on others a portion of what I was subjected to, but my natural constitution of temper delighted in justice and mercy. This happy disposition, if I may be allowed the egotism, was cultivated to advantage by a friend I discovered, and brought from the shades of obscurity.

My uncle Theodoric, with whom, though an only child, I mostly resided, had in his gift a living of three hundred a year, which was possessed by a man whose qualifications were excellent shot, and a voice, though not turned to dictatorial eloquence, yet admirable at a biblical or humorous song; qualities so excellent, that he was well received at the table of
my

my Lord, and four or five times a year descended to grunt over a sermon, copied from some author whose works were unknown in the village. The labour of the vineyard was performed by a sickly looking man, who resided at a small cottage in another village, and was noted for his exemplary piety and poverty.

Thirty pounds a year was the reward of his exertions, exertions not confined to the pulpit, the altar, and the grave, but extending to the collection of tythes, one of the severest offices of his duty, for with a heart open to benevolence, yet closed by poverty, it was grating to his feelings to take a part from the widow whose earnings damped with sweat the grey locks on her temples, whose hands once, perhaps, reared a son; (who in place of protecting her age, had perhaps poured out his blood in defence of his country), and whose chief pleasure now consisted in her hens and chickens. Over and above this, he had to collect the tythes from a district of land, which in the time of Henry

the VIIIth. had been monastic property, and which still retained this badge of feudal slavery; the owner whether churchman or layman, possessing authority to collect the tenths.

Often had I seen this half famished figure attend his station on a Sunday, and consign dust to dust, and ashes to ashes; but his singularity passed unobserved, because custom had reconciled it; and I was in my fourteenth year, before curiosity was awakened to desire a nearer acquaintance.

I had by accident found in the family library, (my uncle's it could scarcely be called, as he seldom entered it) a volume, containing some of the actions of the famous Spartans. I admired their vigour in war, their abstemious mode of diet—yet young as I was, and untaught but by nature, my soul recoiled from their want of those tender feelings, I already felt constituted a refinement of felicity. I saw, that whilst their high sense of liberty made them

them spurn at a suspicion of servitude themselves, no tyrants famous in history for cruelty could exert more arbitrary authority than they over the subjected Helots. This was something like the behaviour of my father, and the parallel struck me with force, though hitherto I had considered the state of his tenants as a matter of course, and what had always been, not having by abstract reasoning been led to form a judgment.

The mention of *Lycurgus* by Mr. Hanson in one of his discourses first excited my notice: the sentiments of patriotism he put into the mouth of the law-giver, made me consider Mr. Hanson as a man of great learning and benevolence, for though I had often occasion to visit the rich and the noble, I seldom heard more than the qualifications of a horse, or execrations of the land-tax; and from the legislatures of the land, the rights of contested elections, the price of votes, with disquisitions on the game and vagabond acts; I saw nothing of the *love of*

country that glowed in the voice and speech of Mr. Hanson, and determined me to seek his friendship and instruction.

Accordingly the next morning, I took a walk to the village where he resided, and as I drew near his cottage, was surprised to hear the sound of spinning wheels, for I had not formed in my mind the difference between Vicar and Curate. I knew not that the one was a spiritual hack, a greater drudge than a mender of hedges, whilst the other might loll at his ease, and saunter a drone in the hive.

The cottage was at the end of a little row of houses called a village. A small garden behind supplied it with pot herbs, and a flower for Sunday, cultivated by its *incumbent*; there was round it that air which distinguishes industry from negligence. I opened the door without ceremony, and found myself in company with three young girls who were employed in spinning, a youth near my own age, and their mother,

ther, in whose countenance was resignation and goodness.

I had never been abashed at entering the houses of the peasants, because I had ever felt myself their superior; but here I unaccountably sunk in my own opinion, and was so confused, that with difficulty I could enquire for Mr. Hanson. The soft voice and encouraging smile of his wife, however, restored my confidence. I ventured to look round on the young girls, who blushed at being visited by the heir apparent of the manor.

My eyes instinctively fixed on the object of selection, and somehow I thought myself instantly and unaccountably attached to her. We mutually gazed, and as if ashamed, turned down our eyes with that delightful confusion which trembles through the soul.

It is the refinement of life; the avarice held in view in modern education which steels the

heart of innocence against love ; but where nature alone is mistress, this passion shall exist between the sexes, independent of any desire greater than gazing upon, and being near the object of its existence. Eliza was two years younger than myself, and possessed that delicacy so rarely found in a cottage. In my eyes, who had been used alone to the sun burnt daughters of rusticity, or the mummy cheeks of nobility, the beauties of this charming girl were without comparison or fault ; but at this moment see how they affect me, when I stray from my narrative to dwell upon their power.

Mr. Hanson was absent attending the couch of sickness, and calming the doubts of a man of lowly birth, whose days had been spent in labour, and whose greatest crime was sometimes in the hilarity of mirth, to taste the cup of inebriety. No pangs of remorse at oppression could cloud his moments—no wanton act of barbarity, made him shudder at retaliation ; yet he
feared

feared to wing his flight from life, till assured by the hopes and allurements of religion.

I waited his return with pleasure, because I was delighted with being near Eliza. I made advances towards the friendship of Jason ; at first he rather avoided my questions, till perceiving by their tendency his own superiority, the pride of conscious excellence led him not only to answer but inform. I was struck with his knowledge of history, I hung down my head ashamed to discover, that whilst I had fancied myself superior to every one round me, I had only made a few fluttering essays towards a flight in the regions of literature.

The reflection that I was heir to eight hundred a year, and the natural reversion of five or six thousand, could not inspire me with that self dependence which elevates the soul of meanness, to an equality with genius, and gives to the little man of wealth the strut of effrontive consequence. I seemed unworthy the com-

pany of those cottagers, and vowed within myself to pursue the road to learning with ardor. Perhaps in this vow the eyes of Eliza had some influence, for I already felt, that to aspire at her approbation, was an inherent wish, so sure will virtuous love point to perfection, and advance the soul to eminence of distinction.

I was received with politeness by Mr. Hanson, who was pleased to find that the motive of my visit was an enquiry into the laws of Lycurgus, and not as at first he feared into the beauty of his daughters. He flattered the pride of vanity, by praising my taste for subjects so uncommon for my age, and taking me aside into the fields, soon drew from me the progress I had made, and gave me instructions to proceed.

My uncle had given himself no concern about my education, and my father considering, that to take me from about him, might lessen my influence, had never attempted to propose my improvement. Theodoric lived like his fellow animals—

animals—his tenants were at moderate rents, but then he exacted of them almost feudal homage. His game were held sacred by the most exemplary punishment, and though he had never married, as he feared control, many a child might have called him father. With ideas bordering on brutality, woman was to him an object of sense, nearly equal to a good dinner or any other gratification—his wealth gave him power, and inclination was his law: many a marriage had he wantonly broken off to satisfy himself, for against him there was no rising up. At present, however, this detestable side of his character must be dormant in description, because I had not intimately witnessed its effects.

I return then to Mr. Hanson whom I proposed to benefit, and in a few days being to wait on my father, I desired his interest to place him instead of Dr. Dromom, who received the emoluments without performing the duties of his office.

As

"As to that matter," said my father, "he sings well, and pleases your uncle, and it is proper Hanson should remain as he is. If all our divines were learned, and took pains and that there, to instruct the *mob*, let me tell ye, most of our nobles would look *tiny* in the eyes of the vulgar. A rich man may live as he pleases, and that, always remember that: but what has put this whim in your head about Hanson?"

I ventured to mention my desire to learn, and that as I was not to have a college education, Mr. Hanson might fit me for the station I was one day to figure in.

My father stared at me, and demanded what station I hinted at. "For if," said he, "you mean as lord of the manor, you have not even occasion to sign your own name; and mind me, live independent as I do, and always remember that fine maxim of *Seneca*, be the first in a village, rather than second in the council."

"But,"

“ But,” said I, “ if lord of the manor, I shall have to decide on cases of law, and if ignorant myself, how shall I determine with justice ?”

“ Whew ! whew !” cried he, “ justice and all that there, is well enough to talk on for a man as lives without money, but let me tell you, the longest purse has the right of favour ; and what great matter, suppose two poor scoundrels quarrel, and all that, you can but say one way, and your clerk will write the mittimus.”

“ I think, however,” replied I, “ for the honour of the family, and to preserve our dignity entire, I ought to know something ; for though I have read of a king who had a plate of brass with his name cut through, that he might trace it with his pen on grants and decrees, yet now it is the fashion to learn, and a man is not of much consequence, who is ignorant of the history of the world he lives in.”

“ Well,”

“ Well,” answered my father, “ there may be something in all that; lets see ; suppose Hanson was to have a trifle added to his salary for taking the place of tutor, and all that—but mind, my boy, you always obey your uncle, how is his cough ? Dr. Flint told me he thought he looked worfe than he had seen him for many a year.”

This was the chief of my conversation with my father on the subject, and in a few days the matter was settled with my uncle, Mr. Hanson becoming my tutor.

This humble divine, whose talents should have raised him to dignity, in preference to so many who dream out their lives in the stall, laid down to himself the plan of my education, keeping in view the power he fancied would one day be given into my hands. For this purpose, the principles of justice were strongly delineated. The eternal truth, that though placed by the necessities of fortune and chance in different
stations,

stations, each man has equally a right to every advantage consistent with the good of the whole, was planted in my mind; and as my knowledge extended, I beheld with far different eyes, the state of those peasants who were starving to raise the rents of my father, and those who servilely scringed to fatten on the lands of my uncle.

I soon became disgusted with the implicit obedience and hypocritical condescension exacted of me, but as my uncle seldom extended his power to excess, as my father imperiously silenced my murmurs by commanding me to meet his wishes, and as Mr. Hanson strengthened the obligation by his advice, I continued to do without reply whatever was required.

CHAP. VIII.

Ye wretches, ye perfidious train,
Ye curs'd of God and free-born men,
Ye murderers of the laws. AKENSIDE.

MR. Hanson was permitted to attend me at my uncle's, where I had two rooms allotted for my use; and setting aside a little stretch of authority in the game-laws, I, as well as the tenants, believed my uncle a good sort of man. But my eyes were shortly to be opened; I was to behold power carried to the verge of tyranny, and a transaction that would have disgraced Caligula or Nero.

Without intention, I happened to be in an inner apartment, when Theodoric and his steward met to settle some account, and these words of my uncle arrested my attention.

“ And

"And so that vile worm, that Simpson, refuses to deliver me his daughter, you say. Was it not I who preserved him from the work-house? Did I not raise him from a dunghill, from nothing, planted him in a farm of my own, on land I heired from my fathers, and those fathers the descendants of those who came here with William the Conqueror? And yet I am refused this trifle, this girl, who, for aught I know, is one of my own begetting. But what pray is the fellow's excuse?"

"May it humbly please your lordship," replied the steward, "he pretends to say that he is the father of his own child; and that so, he has the power inalienable of denying or giving her to whom he pleases."

"Its a lie, its a d—d lie," cried Theodoric, "were he a peer of the realm, she might dispose of herself when twenty-one."

"So,

“ So, my lord, may it humbly please your eminence, I represented; and above that, that he should be rent free; that his daughter should, after you were tired, be sent to London, and married, with two hundred pounds, to some honest shopkeeper, as Patty Dickens and Susan Mabson were; both, my lord, you know, now keep their own carriages; for this, may it please your eminence, is a wonderful, up and down, jogging kind of a world. But he said he was a Briton, and would not prostitute his daughter for the best lord in the land; that he paid scot and lot, and valued no man.”

“ He shall then,” vociferated Theodoric; “ he shall value me, for the immensity of ruin I will hurl upon his head. How much rent does he owe?”

“ Please ye, my lord, he has a long lease, and being an industrious man, pays down regularly; but as for that, may it humbly please your eminence, you know how we sent Martin

to

to the East Indies as a soldier; and what should hinder Simpson from carrying a musket?"

"That won't do, he will then escape my power. I will grind him into atoms—I will sink him. I will think on some plan which shall not be long delayed."

I trembled at those anathemas, which I had no power to avert, and hastened to my father, in hopes he would exert his influence to protect the innocent from an outrage so great, that I trembled when the remembrance crossed me: but how was I confounded at his answer!

"You tell me all this," said he, "but 'tis nothing in life. Has not a man a right to do all what he will, and that there with those whom he permits to live on his own land: and remember, if you please, how your boasted Romans behaved; don't you know that they were divided into patricians and plebeians, and that those, the last, were slaves to the other, the former,

mer, and all that. And let me tell ye, a man with money may do what he pleases, or else where is the value of it."

I was sixteen, but I did not perfectly understand this doctrine; only I perceived that mankind never considered themselves as free, unless when possessing the power of enslaving others. I now considered the great transactions of nations with precision, and saw uniformly every incident support this conclusion; yet I considered it an evil no less for its frequency, and stood like a shipwrecked mariner, to lament over what I could not save.

On the evening of that day which first excited in me the idea of detestation towards my uncle, I passed by the farm of Simpson, and saw him employed in the yard, whilst his wife and daughter were knitting at the door. She was an innocent blooming girl, with smiles that dimpled on her cheeks, and looked, I thought, something like Eliza. And this is the flower,
cried

tried I mentally, which the eye of the ravisher hath selected, and which the hand of violence will tear from its native branches ! This is the sacrifice which is to purchase peace to this farm ! But no ; peace will no longer dwell here, destruction hovers over in blackness.

With this romantic sentence I turned away, for my eyes filled, and I could no longer behold the victims before me. The idea of Eliza's exposure in a like situation, tore my heart with a pang of hitherto unfelt sorrow. I rejoiced in the sedulous precaution of Mr. Hanson, who conscious that poverty could ill fence against oppression, had secluded his daughters as much as possible from observation, seldom permitting them to pass the threshold, and himself giving them instructions of excellent tendency.

I learnt the next day, that Simpson's house was unroofed by order of my uncle, under pretence of repairing it; the windows were taken out, and the doors off the hinges. The gates
were

were likewise taken from the fields, the clause of the lease being, that my lord was to stand all reasonable repairs. Thus stray cattle (probably turned in on purpose) trod down the corn in the ear, and Simpson's cattle ranged in my uncle's fields, who instantly commenced a prosecution. Conscious of his innocence, the farmer entered on the defensive, hoping on trial to state the facts with convictive plainness.

In the mere wantonness of exhibiting power with impunity, my uncle invited several squires to a hunt, so contriving it as to turn the stag into the farm of Simpson, thus riding in triumph over his ruined grounds. In less than a month, the lawyer, whose bread depended on the will of my father, and who had been retained on the part of Simpson, arrested him for money he pretended was due, and lodged him in the county jail.

My heart bled at those sufferings. What trifle I could raise I privately sent him; and by
a note,

a note, in a feigned hand,, conjured him apparently to comply with the terms of Theodoric; that so, he might quit the jail, and fly to some distant county; but he either suspected the advice, or resting in justice, was mad enough to stand against a power employed to crush him: in place of softening my uncle, he loaded him with invective.

These were, however, only so many triumphs to him; they were intended to wound; as they tacitly confessed the sharpness of his sufferings, and my uncle smiled at their impotency. He ordered the young woman to attend him with her mother, who would not permit her to leave her sight: and my whole attention being engaged in this detemonic process, I considered it no breach of honour, to endeavour to overhear.

“Is it not foolish,” said he, “extremely foolish, in poor Simpson, to withstand my will, and above all to think of holding out against a prosecution which is so just; and yet I should

not have suffered it, but to convince him that my will is indisputable. The rascal of a lawyer who has played him this scurvy trick, I shall find means to trounce, for I have too high an opinion of both your understandings to suppose you will longer remain in your own light. Simpson shall be put into a better farm, and this lovely girl shall be to me every thing but that silly thing a wife. On the contrary, if you will yet be blind and foolish, I can hang your father; the law gives me power; I can grind him in a mortar: but for your sakes I will stifle my wrath, which in any other case would be death; and all I ask in return is love. Consider then your own interests by to-morrow; and remember that I am Lord D——, master of six thousand pounds a year."

After this persuasive speech, he dismissed them drowned in tears, and I retired to give vent to the feelings which agitated me. To end at once this story, the poor girl could not endure the anguish of her parents, when sacrificing

sificing herself, she believed, would procure them peace, and without consulting any one, she returned, in the dark of the evening, to give liberty to her father.

My soul even now trembles at the debasement of a man who, in circumstances like these, would accept the reluctant caresses of the loathing maid. But this man was my uncle. Alas, why was I allied to such a monster! I grieve that a particle of his blood flows through my body. I sighed at the abjection of human nature: I attended not to my studies, my whole faculties and thoughts being engaged on this transaction, where law was distorted and made the tool of lust and oppression.

My lord, who valued himself on his generosity, as he called it, sent the lawyer to discharge Simpson from prison; and, as I learnt from a young man, then under confinement for two months, (having knocked down a hare with his hammer one evening returning from work) when

the lawyer entered, and declared that Simpson was free. "By whose authority?" said he. "Who was so generous as to pay my debts, and free me from an infamous scoundrel?"

"Peace," cried the lawyer; "and learn to revere the man who saves you from utter destruction; let not your vile tongue whisper against a man of such virtue, that, though justly offended, he can spare, without regarding your ingratitude. It is my lord, it is our excellent master, who forgives you."

"My lord!" repeated he, "what are his terms? On what conditions am I free? Has my daughter—— But no, she could not. Nothing but force could have so debased her; besides she was engaged to another."

"That," replied the lawyer, "is your affair. I have done my duty; and if you chuse to remain here, do it, and welcome."

Simpson

Simpson hesitated; he seemed to doubt the source of this unexpected bounty; but perhaps, fancying my uncle might have relented, he quitted the prison. It was not long before I saw him at the castle: he enquired for his daughter. I heard at a distance weeping, but could not distinguish the words; he was refused admittance to my lord, and spurned with curses and threats at the offer of the steward. He retired to an alehouse to tell his sufferings, and help his resolution with spirits, swearing by Heaven to revenge himself. He remained there till night; and not being allowed a room, as my uncle was dreaded, he set out in the dark, almost senseless with liquor, and has not since been seen or heard of in that part.

The news of his loss was quickly spread about by the peasants, who ventured to condemn with loudness the behaviour of my lord, and each felt for the daughter whose lot it might have been. But here the calamity did not cease; the young woman, who had against her

will subjected herself to the embraces of a man she hated, was struck with horror at the unknown fate of her father; his figure haunted her imagination, and seemed to threaten her for her weakness. She saw in her *lover* the murderer of her father, and the ruin of herself: life became no longer worth possessing. No ray of comfort darted through the impervious darkness, varied only by phantoms of dreadful formation; and in less than a week the lovely daughter of innocence was blooming and no more; having prescribed a period to her woes. And what tongue shall condemn an action arising from anguish and unutterable despair.

My uncle, who knew the ill consequences of exciting popular hatred, endeavoured to compound, by giving several donations to the poor, and some hogsheds of ale to the villagers. He also provided for the lamenting mother, and offered a reward to any who would bring tidings of Simpson, alive or dead. Thus the vulgar were blinded, and suspicion thrown from himself.

self. The country gentlemen wished not to engage where no redress could be had; and thus an act, which cried to Heaven for justice, was buried in a corner, and passed into oblivion unpunished.

It is impossible to describe the state of my mind throughout this transaction. I abhorred, and shunned as much as possible the presence of the tyrant. My respect was much lessened for my father; I condemned his pusillanimity, which, for a paltry interest, led him to stand by a cool spectator of so diabolic a deed.

My preceptor observed the melancholy which destroyed my taste for study, and endeavoured to overcome it by a new plan of pursuit. He inspired me with a taste for the eastern grandeur of expression, though not for the servility of its courts. I considered the Scythian and wandering Tartar as approaching nearest to freedom: and whilst I contemplated their independence of life, I nearly overlooked my general rule, till

Mr. Hanson remarked, that though lawless themselves, and above the luxuries of life, their employment was war, and their trade oppression. With him I learnt what little I know of Arabic, he having been taught by his father, who had been secretary in the train of an ambassador to Turkey.

In the mean time my affection daily increased for Eliza; and not having relations wherewith to divide it, she became to me the centre of every tenderness. She was a treasure concealed from the world, which I was proud to own. My presence ever excited a smile, and each of the girls seemed pleased with my company; but I fancied the eyes of Eliza expressed more than them all; yet I doubted, and feared to believe. We read, in the tacit expression of countenance, the pleasure we took in each other, whilst timidity prevented an explanation; and in truth I had formed neither plan nor design, being satisfied with the limits of friendship, and the excesses of an innocent familiarity: but one afternoon,

afternoon, when I had stolen from the castle, my Lord D—— being engaged with some sons of Bacchus, I hastened to Hanson's, and whilst the girls were spinning, read to them a poem that had some connection with love; my left hand was placed carelessly on the back of the chair, and Eliza having to pass, placed one of her hands upon mine, and smiled at the same time with ineffable sweetness. There was so much of nature in the action, that my eyes beheld a hundred new charms, and I fancied her more lovely than I had ever before seen her. I involuntarily trembled, and for a time was too confused to continue the poem. Hitherto desire had had no share in my passion; but her touch had kindled the ætherial flame within me. Yet I had often touched her, I had even saluted her; but the manner, the look, in fact I know not what, was irresistibly enchanting.

I hastily finished the poem, and wishing to examine myself, took a walk along the banks of the river. She loves me, said I to myself; the
15 heavenly

heavenly Eliza sets a value upon me. I am dear to her; we are formed for each other. It would kill me to see her the wife of any other man. I am rich. I will marry Eliza, who has sense and beauty to adorn the palace of royalty.

These were truly the arguments of a lover, who in contemplating the ultimatum, overlooks all intervening oppositions. I passed the rest of the day till night dreaming on the felicity I should enjoy with Eliza as a wife. From this vision I was not awakened, till my return to the castle brought my father to memory, with all his schemes of grandeur and alliance; schemes which I could ill comply and with, which threatened to destroy at once my airy fabric.

I had, however, learnt to countermine cunning by cunning, and coolly to weigh before I entered on action. I summed up in my mind my dependencies and independencies. The former being my uncle's estate, and my father's
eight

eight hundred a year; the latter an annuity of two hundred pounds, a house and small estate of forty pounds a year, which became mine without controul at the age of nineteen.

As I despised the tinsel of grandeur, and in the true romanticity of youth considered this an ample establishment, where the mind would have leisure to contemplate itself, undisturbed by splendour and by want. I hesitated not in fixing my plan, which was to wait till the period I have mentioned, then to obtain, if possible, my father's consent, and if not, to marry without it. I shall not repeat the arguments I used to represent the rectitude of this procedure, because to a man of your enlarged mode of thinking, the liberty of choice is a fixed principle, only to be delayed where a competency is not secured, or suspended from some moral or personal defect.

I knew too well the principles of honour which governed Mr. Hanlon, to trust him with

the important secret. I saw that he closely observed my behaviour to his daughters, and indirectly seconded my father's intentions, by discouraging on the necessity of equal marriages; where no sentiment was liable to duplicity from gratitude, nor any demands made by superior wealth.

Jason had, at my uncle's expense, been sent to Westminster school, where he was considered as a youth of talents and industry; a character which delighted his father, who naturally looked up to his patron with gratitude, and pitied the failings of his nature; concluding in the goodness of his heart, that hard was the government of passion when placed in possession of power, and ignorant of those principles and rules which teach, that to be beloved is better than to be feared.

There is in human nature a strange principle, not easily accounted for, and which is suspicion, when conscious that we are liable to be suspected.

suspected. Thus never before having formed any plan upon Eliza, I had visited without constraint, and expressed to her many little endearments; but now I suddenly believed Mr. Hanson had discovered my motives, my visits were timed with fancied caution, my words were guarded, my behaviour constrained; and so far did this insatiation carry me, that when present with my father, I watched every word and look to discover if he had any knowledge of my design.

The change in my behaviour could not escape the notice of Eliza. She sought to discover the reason in my looks, a shade of sadness and a languid smile dwelt upon her features, and if by accident I approached her when she did not expect me; a crimson blush dyed her cheeks and neck; passion, restrained only by the presence of a third person, impelled me to catch her in my arms, and give utterance to ten thousand tender expressions of love and constancy.

The coquetry of some young ladies was as unknown to Eliza, as that cold prudery, which to be won, must be adored: in her bosom the sentiments of genuine modesty and innocent nature took place; and as she never formed a wish inconsistent with either, her tongue was unequal to duplicity. This trifle of constraint but excited our eagerness to come to some explanation; and it was not many evenings after, when chance, the friend of lovers, brought us together in a narrow winding path which led through the wood to the river.

At that moment I almost wished to avoid her. We mutually blushed, I strove to speak, but my tongue faltered, and we walked several yards together in silence. "It is a beautiful evening," said I at length. "But why are you alone without your sisters?" "They were engaged," said she. "But tell me, Mr. Theodore, why you do not come so often as you used; are you angry at any thing?"

"Angry,

"Angry! Eliza; no. But it is dangerous; for who can see so many beautiful girls without loving!"

"And is it," said she, with a blush and a smile, whilst her eyes glanced on my face, "and is it then dangerous to love? But you, Mr. Theodore, cannot be in that danger; you must look up to somebody of high birth, with a large fortune."

I thought she sighed at this sentence; my whole soul dwelt upon my lips, and I ventured to put my arm round her waist. "No," cried I, "Eliza, heavenly maid! never will I marry from any principle but love; my soul doats upon you, it tells me you will be kind. Dearest girl! my Eliza! my angel! your charms have ever given me delight from the hour I first saw you; and your accomplishments have bound me to you for ever. Tell me then," said I, kissing her cheek, "tell me, my Eliza, what am I to hope?"

"I can-

"I cannot," said she, trembling, and blushing as crimson, "for was I to say how dear you are to me, would your father or your uncle ever consent?"

"Let us trust," I replied, "to love. I have sufficient; and with you, dearest maid, what shall I want more? But I will make my father consent; hard and inflexible as he is in pursuit of grandeur, he will not be able to parry my arguments. I will tell him, that though he married a woman incapable of the duties of a wife, I, for the *honour* of the family, will marry one that is; and I will ask him which is best, to have money without a wife, or a wife without money; for with me, she is not a wife who is incapable for performing its duties."

These arguments were the sophisms of love, and served to establish calmness in our minds. The sequel of our discourse was to us enchanting; but on paper who can transmit the tender expressions which a look conveys, or the *nécessité* which

which charitis is the most insipid discourse of lovers. My delicacy forbade my pressing Eliza to say she loved me; I saw it, I knew that she did so, and I spared those blushes such a confession must have cost. I laid before her the plan I had formed, and that but two months remained till I should be of age to enter on my little estate, when I would press my father to consent, and make her my wife at all hazards.

To this she objected, being only seventeen, and that in two years my father might be wrought on to consent, or at worst I should then be master of my own person. As this was a reasonable objection and a reflection of prudence, I readily adopted it, and now considering Eliza as partly united to me, I disclosed to her my thoughts and designs. Thus not only the first evening of our mutual acknowledgement was passed, but many hours which we afterwards stole from observation.

Perhaps,

Perhaps, sir, you may think Eliza was not so prudent as modesty should warrant, or she would not have consented to clandestine meetings, but remember, that we were known from our youth to each other, and that true love sinks from the most distant approach of guilt, there is in it a refinement which bars against sensuality, and, in fact, love which is founded on mutual good qualities, upon virtue and nature, no longer exists when an injury can be intended.

Our eyes, however, were not to be restrained, and a certain sinking of voice when we spoke to each other, could not escape Mr. Hanson, who had himself sacrificed fortune to love. I observed that he was uneasy, and when with me, would often assume the posture of a particular confidence, which yet he wanted resolution to place, and I on my part, though I wished to relieve him from this uneasiness, found it impossible to begin.

Thus

Thus the time passed away, which brought me to my first age of independence; when in company with Mr. Hanson, I rode over to the little mansion to take possession. I felt on this occasion, the sweets of power, and the pride naturally arising in the heart, when we set our foot on the ground, and say—*this is mine*. I saw at once from whence sprang tyranny, and that it is the nature of man to aspire at command.

I followed every spot with my eye, planning little alterations and improvements; placing the lovely Eliza by my side, as a second Eve in the terrestrial paradise I had formed. Mr. Hanson engaged in his own thoughts, did not interrupt the pleasing dream, and we reached the house almost without speaking. The person who had sit in care received us with satisfaction, taking pleasure in leading us from room to room, and describing the purposes each had been employed in by her late mistress.

From

From one of the rooms, fitted up with great neatness, we had a view of a fine vale extending a considerable way, adorned on each side by hanging woods and scattered cottages. "This," said she, "was the room my mistress used to sit in, and call her own, as it is by far the prettiest in the whole house, and most retired." "Then," replied I, without reflection, "this shall be fitted up for my wife, as I would give her the choicest apartment here."—"Bless your honour," said she, "and will you then forsake the great old manor, and the fine seat of your father, to live in this little place amongst us poor folks?"—"Come," said Mr. Hanson, "let me add something to the plan. This house shall be re-modelled into a temple of repose; those fields round it we will convert into groves, and never fading bowers; this valley shall be called Tempe, and when Mr. Theodore and his lady are weary of the confusion of high life, they shall retire here, and you shall be the priestess of the place."

This

This effectually disguised the sense of what I had said, and after dining we set out to return ; but these few words had confirmed Mr. Han-
fon's suspicions, and at the same time given him an opening to pursue.

" I was surprised," said he, " at your thinking of fitting up that little house for your wife, do you imagine any lady of rank and fortune, would live in the way your romantic fancy would prefer ?"

" It does not follow," said I, " that I am not to make that house my residence, or that to please another, I should be married to one un-
pleasing to me." " But," said he, " you cannot surely have been so imprudent as to have formed any secret engagements, nor so foolish as to make resolves against the lady your father may perhaps point out to you ?"

" My friend," returned I, " I know what you suspect, and now I am independent, it
would

would be unworthy of me, to make it longer a matter of concealment. I love your daughter, Eliza, I love her to death—nay, be not surprised.”—“No,” replied he, endeavouring to hide his emotion, “I am not; but I am very much concerned, and I take to myself the blame of not preventing what I ought to have foreseen, and which, I confess, I have for some time feared.”

“And where,” demanded I, “is the occasion of any concern about it? I will advance reasons to my father he will be unable to controvert, and besides, am not I independent, and a Briton?”

“But though you are both, that will not screen you from duty, and my duty must be to act on the side of your father. Forgive me, therefore, if I am obliged to desire you will not come to my house, otherwise I shall be necessitated to part with my daughter, and send her from
from

from under my care, a thing which you know would much afflict me."

"How!" cried I, impatiently, "do you call this friendship and duty? Is it not both the friendship and duty of a good man, to promote the happiness of another when it does not take from his own? To marry your daughter is the first wish of my soul. To love her is become a principle of my nature, and so long has her image been combined with every scheme of my mind, that to erase it is impossible, and to substitute another, equally vain."

"Youth," replied he, "usually thinks thus. The first passion of the heart is strong, and usually wrong founded, because it stays not coolly to reason, but is hurried impetuously forward by physical causes, and exterior beauty; but how seldom are those selections of continuance, how seldom are they gratified, and when gratified, they mostly want the solidity of merit to charm when novelty hath departed."

"'Tis

" 'Tis true," said I, " I allow what you say, for how very few, if we may believe report, marry with reciprocal esteem.—But I love your daughter, and my love is returned—our dispositions and modes of thinking agree, our whole system of being and of acting are alike. She possesses so much learning from your instructions, as to qualify her for giving charms to the hours of solitude, without being so learned as to deduce from her softness as a female."

" On my word," said he, " you bestow upon her great encomiums; the rhetoric of a lover is irresistible, and if she has foolishly betrayed to you the state of her affections, I know not what to say: for whilst duty bids me act the part of a judge, nature commands me to act that of a father. I will therefore propose a medium: You shall restrain yourself from Eliza for one year, at the end of which term if you continue to love, I will not oppose it, but if during that term you endeavour to see her, I must acquaint your

your father, and send her from your knowledge."

"A year! twelve months!" cried I, "and not see Eliza; impossible! I must either see her, or die."—"No, no," said he, smiling, "you will not die, but you must stand to this; and if your love be so unchangeable as you flatter yourself, it will easily overcome this trial of its duration."

"On that point then," said I, hastily, "I accept your terms, but they are dreadfully cruel. I must, however, see her to-night, and tell her the motive of my absence."

"No," said he, "you must not indeed, we must have no adieu, you must begin to conquer."

I now thought Mr. Hanson in his turn playing the tyrant, and repenting of the promise I had made, retired sullenly to my room, reflecting on Eliza, and gazing from my window at

that part of the country where she lived, not without strong inclination to brave every opposition, and see her. The promise I had given was inconsiderate, the penalty I knew; and should without hesitation have braved, had it not been for the threat of Mr. Hanson, to send his daughter away, and I knew him too well to suppose him not in earnest. Yet when I reflected on the suspicions Eliza must entertain at my apparent desertion, and that too, at the moment my fortune placed independence in my power, I could with difficulty sustain my feelings. The only way left me was to write, stating to her the necessity under which I was bound, and vowing ever to remain true. Thus I quieted the perturbation of my mind, and spent hours in writing, and destroying what I had written.

If I had promised not to visit them, I had not promised to refrain from going near the house; but considering myself liable to observation in the day, I stole from my rest at night,
and

with all the enthusiasm of poetic rapture, visited the haunts of my mistress. Often when even the zephyr ceased to breathe in the grove; at the solemn hour of midnight I have leant upon the gate facing her window, and called on heaven to bless with peace the hours of her slumbers; and with pleasure every moment of the day, the enchanting name of Eliza has burst alone from my lips, whilst I wandered on the margin of the brook, whose course passed by the end of their garden, and delighted myself with fancying, that her fair face had perhaps been reflected by its waves.

——— Often to relieve my pain,
 I'd watch the current—to the moon complain,
 And as wild fancy taught my roving mind
 Her name, I'd carve upon the Aspin's rind,
 Sigh to the winds, or in the woods dark shade,
 Form simple verses on the rural maid.

I believed that I suffered all the hardships of a lover in romance, I neglected my studies to give myself up to all the indolence and voluptuousness of contemplative passion. The energy of

my mind was absorbed by this alone. I dreamed of Eliza, I saw nothing but Eliza, and delighted in nothing which did not remind me of her.

I contrived to convey her my letters; by these we could converse without embarrassment, the softest expressions could be repeated without a blush, but yet I was every moment fighting to see her, from which my fears of losing her alone withheld me.

CHAP. IX.

La justice & le droit sont des vaines idées.

LUCON.

THUS had one month passed away, when I was sent for by my father, and received with that politeness I knew him always to assume when he was bent on carrying some point, where gentleness might first be necessary.

“I need not tell you, my dear boy,” said he, “the many pains, and all that, your education has cost me, nor the plans of grandeur I have formed for you. The time is now come when your fortune and all that will be made for ever; and I shall henceforth rest in peace, confident that the honour of my name, and that there is provided and fixed. Your uncle has graciously pleased to signify, that he has fixed on a young lady for your wife; that confident of your ready
K 3 acquiescence,

acquiescence, and all that, (as you have ever been a dutiful lad) he has even taken on himself the trouble of making proposals, and that there, to the lady's relations; and so, let me tell you, you will have a very trifle of trouble, and the heirship of the manor, is fixed, and firm, and secure."

"You will easily believe that this strange piece of elocution held me wholly silent; and that lost in confusion, I could not collect my thoughts, so as to form a reply, which gave him room to suppose, that never having opposed any of his commands, my silence was a token of consent.

"I am glad," said he, "to see you have no objections."

"No objections!" said I, at once recovering myself—"yes, millions; and immoveable objections prevent my compliance, and make it utterly impossible I ever should."

"How!"

"How!" demanded he, his eyes flashing fire, unused to the appearance of control. "You do not mean to run the hazard of your uncle's favour, and sure you will not spurn the alliance of the honourable R. Sankey; and besides, and all that, you must know, I can cut you off with sixpence, and then, sir, let me ask what you will be, you will be nothing, an absolute non-entity."

"I shall still," said I, "have sufficient to bar against want, and with me, peace and happiness is preferable to riches and titles."

"D—n that gothic priest," said he, "'tis he has filled your head with these groveling notions, and this here, but how will you look with your insignificant two hundred a year—the very boys will hoot your poverty, and the whole world sneer at your stupidity."

"Let them," said I, carelessly, "without the woman I love, a throne would want charms to entice its acceptance."

"I can guess, I can guess," repeated he, rising in fury. "Tell me, or by heaven my vengeance sweeps you from the earth. Is it not some of those hellish daughters of that d—d parson, who have turned your brain?—he shall suffer—the whole kennel of them shall be ferreted out."

"Listen," cried I, now too much heated to stand on punctilios, "why load with epithets so mean, a family so virtuous. At this moment, I tell you I love, I have sworn by heaven itself never to marry any other than the object of my affections, who is all that woman can aspire to; and at this moment when you threaten vengeance on Mr. Hanson for promoting my wishes, I am commanded to leave his house.—Yet this fancied sense of honor has extorted from me a promise of not visiting his daughter, and for a month I have not seen her. Yet this is the man you traduce, who silently preferred your fancy, to all the claims of interest. Interest which in some persons lead them to sacrifice every

every affection of nature, and make a traffic of justice, honour and humanity."

My father was astonished for a time, he was thunderstruck at an opposition he had never expected, but not convinced that the plans of his life were wrong, he collected himself to reply—"Is it thus," cried he, "you shake off duty and obedience, and dare to have a will of your own? but know, that I have never formed a design that I have afterwards changed, and whilst I live I will oppose this degenerate passion. You are not yet independent, and that, and the whole race of Hanson shall perish, rather than add their vile poverty to the family of Cyphon. You have three days to reflect, and if you would not see this wretched priest on a gibbet forty feet high, and his wife and girls used as Simpson's daughter, you will agree to what I have told you."

My whole frame underwent a violent tremor at the picture he had drawn; a cold chill

run through my veins at the horrid remembrance. "Oh," cried I, "O my Eliza, never shall it be."

"It shall be," cried he, "by heaven it shall be, retire to your chamber, and dare not to stir from it till I have your answer."—"Pity me," cried I, "pity your son, and permit me at least to take a last sight of Eliza."—"You then comply," said he, "I will not be trifled with, give me your promise in writing, and you shall see her; you shall if you will take her into keeping."

"No!" cried I, with indignation, "such a meanness would indeed be base: Eliza shall either be my wife, or your name shall be extinct."

I opened the door and was going to escape, when he called aloud to his servants to stop the madman. One of them I instantly stretched upon the ground, and my hand was raised to strike

strike the other, when my father caught hold on my arm, and received the blow himself. I became instantly calm, all my fire was evaporated. I had not indeed hurt him much, but my hand had done violence to the author of my being, and I trembled with confusion. Thus I suffered myself to be confined in a room in the upper story, and might at that moment have been drawn into any concession.

I lamented the unhappy accident. I wept at the involuntary crime, and looked forward to a train of calamity. When calm enough to think, I saw clearly that this confinement was intended to keep me from the sight of Mr. Hanson until he should be removed from the country, and some effectual step taken to prevent my ever discovering his retreat. I determined therefore, at all hazard to escape, to fly with Eliza to Scotland, and never again return within the circle of my father's power.

I waited with patience till convinced the whole house was at rest; and not having convenience for descending from the window, I examined the door, and found it fastened only by a strong lock, which I endeavoured to force. This was beyond my strength, but discovering that it was fixed with screws, with some difficulty I drew them, having only a penknife, which broke twice in the operation. I then opened the door with precaution, and listened; but all was silent, except the hall clock. I descended with care, hastening to the great out door, but it was fastened, double locked, and the key taken away. I now almost feared escaping; but finding the parlour door open, I entered, unbarred the window, and leaped into the yard.

I now considered myself escaped from oppression, and ran forward with speed; but I had not proceeded a hundred yards when a man started upon me, grappled me by the shoulder, and threw me on the ground. I struggled in vain

to disengage myself, and as he called loudly for help, discovering by his voice that it was the porter.

"Peter," said I, "will you also be an instrument of tyranny? Will you force me to marry this girl I abhor? I tell you I will never do it, let me go then."—"Poor fellow!" said he, speaking to himself. "Master warn't deceived, sure enough; he's as mad as a March hare."—

"No, no," said I, "Peter, I am not mad. I shall be your master, you know: I will make your fortune if you will go to Scotland with me."

"Aye, aye," said he, "we'll go to Scotland, but that'll be when we recover our wits." I saw by this he misunderstood me. I made another effort to escape, but he was a powerful man; and not being possessed, as he fancied, by a supernatural spirit, I found it impossible to get free. Some servants quickly arrived with lights, and my father at their head. "Take care of yourselves."

yourselfes," said he, in a feigned tone of compassion. "Poor boy! Take notice, Cymon, how his eyes roll. 'Tis a sad thing to lose one's senses, and all that."

"What," said I, "would you pretend that I am mad? But your arts shall not prevail; I will never have her: and since you use me thus barbarously, cut off my title to your estate, bid my uncle disown me, and I will smile at you both."

"Poor lad!" said he, with a galling composure, "I do not doubt that at present a kingdom would look to thee despicable: thy poor head cannot retain its judgment." I was too much confounded to reply. I could not have believed a treatment like this was possible: it reduced me to a state the most miserable, as it destroyed the confidence of all who might have helped me, and gave the air of parental regard to actions the most infernal. I knew, from the treatment of Simpson, the mercy I had to hope; but

but yet I expected as a son I should have had a claim on the feelings of a father: at worst I considered it as a farce to intimidate me, and which could not be carried to extremes.

With these hopes I endeavoured to cheer myself during the first night of my life that I had felt personal wretchedness. I made no farther attempt that night to escape, having now greater expectations from the day, when I might perhaps gain assistance, or by manual exertion force a passage.

In the morning I was awakened by the entrance of my father. "So, my lad," said he, "you thought to outwit the old boy, and all that; but I have circled you round like a fly in a web. You shall be a prisoner for life, unless you marry this young lady. And let me tell you, this very day the whole tribe of Hansons shall be turned out as vagabonds. You are independent, and that there, are you? You shall find

find though that eight hundred pounds are better than two."

I returned no answer to this insult, though I felt anguish extreme at the sufferings I knew he would inflict on the Hansons, and I almost determined to sacrifice myself to procure them safety. But was it in human nature voluntarily to abandon the object of so long an affection? to give up the fond ideas of happiness I had formed, and submit my fortune to the direction of an imperious man, who expected mankind to bow their heads before him? No. I here had a spice of his own obstinacy, and found to concede was morally impossible.

I measured the height of the window with my eye, and saw, that by tying two sheets together, I should be able to reach the leads of a saloon, which jutted out into the garden, and that from thence I might leap to the ground. I admired the precaution of the servants, who only ventured

tured to open the door ajar whilst they put in my food, hastening away without speaking.

As soon as the dusk of the evening came on, I cast my eye round to discover if any observer was near, but not perceiving any, I ventured to descend to the leads, leaping from thence to the ground. This success inspired me with confidence; but knowing I should quickly be pursued, I hastened to pass the wall, in order to reach a little thicket, where I proposed to lay concealed till dark. I had not remained long in this place before I was startled by the voices of some persons coming towards me. "I wonder," said one, "what has turned his brain, for certain it is, he is quite gone, or he would not have given his father that blow, nor have loupéd with a main hight."

"I would have us take care," returned the other, "that he don't bite. He'll be fixed, I know, for this dodge, for master says he'll send him to the mad-house, as he's fear'd he'll either
do

do himself or us some mischief; and besides, he's promised a reward to stop him."

A damp sweat came over me at this intelligence. I saw myself truly circled round beyond escape; and in place of attempting to fly, I now judged it best at once to hasten to the town, and lay before the overseers the whole matter, that their power might be exerted to prevent so cruel a scheme. Without further hesitation I entered the town, and was walking up to the magistrates, when I was seized at once on both sides by two blacksmiths, who had followed at a little distance.

"Halloo! master-madman;" said one, "what you're taking an airing. "D—me, Dick, the five guineas be ownn."

"I am not mad," said I, "speaking calmly, you are much imposed on; and if you will go to Mr. Hind's, I will prove to you that I am in my senses; and if you are to have five guineas for

for stopping me, I will pay you as much to let me go."

They were ready to consent to this, but started an objection to going to Mr. Hind's, as they should run the hazard of my father's displeasure, if known to suffer my escape. While we thus parleyed, several of the towns-people came up. They had just learnt my leap from the window, and insisted on my going back. I on my part demanding to be carried to Mr. Hind's. These efforts only strengthened their opinion of my insanity; and the expectation of additional reward added conviction. Thus again I was delivered up to parental despotism. My father had even the assurance to apply for the strait-waistcoat; and the next day I was conveyed, in this state of non-resistance, to a private mad-house.

I should have endeavoured at opposition, but I found struggles and remonstrances only so much against me. It may be wondered how,
in

in the face of the world, I could be treated with so much inhumanity; but the world gives itself very little trouble about private injuries. Who would suppose a father could act thus to an only son? What son in his senses would strike a father, who had the power of disinheritance? Would fly from his house at night, declare he was going to Scotland, and after leaping from an upper window, apply to a magistrate, to tell him he was in his right senses?

Such was the list of proofs my father advanced to any who ventured to enquire; and these he would conclude with a short prayer that my senses might be restored. Thus was I excluded from society, deprived of my liberty, and left to the mercy of one of the greatest villains in nature, who was keeper of this infirmary.

The house itself was situated in a wild part of the country, distant from any public road, and encompassed with a strong wall, held no communication with surrounding inhabitants. It was

was an old house, consisting of many rooms, jumbled together almost without design; every window was strongly grated; and in place of centinels, two large mastiffs ranged the gardens at night. Thus hopes of escape seemed wholly excluded, and no other way before me than to give up my scheme, and take grandeur and a wife I did not love; in place of mediocrity and the woman I adored.

To me who had ever been used to ramble at will through woods and fields, confinement appeared intolerable; but when to this was added my fears and anguish at the fate of Eliza, I gnashed my teeth in misery, surveyed with wildness my narrow inclosure, and was ready to rush upon the gratings of my window, like a new taken bird against the wires of its cage.

I fretted myself almost to madness, and more than once thought of ending my existence; but still the image of Eliza inspired me with a desire to live. Besides, I had a distant hope that my
father

father might relent, or at least that his death would release me.

When a little reconciled to my situation, I endeavoured to soften my keeper, promising him large rewards if he would suffer me to escape, and in turn threatening him with vengeance, if under the mask of insanity he dared retain me in prison. He returned only taunts, and broken curses, from which I easily suspected that he had some substantial reward, and that further attempts would be vain.

It is a just observation, that there is no situation but may, in some degree be reconciled to us by continuance, and that we accommodate ourselves to every change of fortune. The maxims my memory had stored up, by degrees shone through the clouds of despair that hovered round me. I began to discover within me a spirit to action; and felt the energy of resolution support my drooping mind; I even drew courage from the greatness of my sufferings, taking pleasure
in

in recounting them, till they raised me to a height so elevated that I seemed to triumph over myself and my enemies, and to set their bolts and bars at defiance.

In place of shrinking beneath the pressure of tyranny, my spirits arose to opposition, and I fought to convince my oppressors of their paucity of power. I exerted every possible means of encreasing my strength and agility in my little apartment, by leaping and constant exercise; sometimes making a noise so great, that my keeper came in alarm to see if I had not broke through my apartment, and was half inclined to believe, that if not already mad, I shortly should. Confident that, though much less in stature, I was able to master him alone, when supported by the desire of escape, I assumed an appearance of satisfaction, that he might venture into my chamber, which he never dared to do alone, nor without a large stick.

It

It happened, however, one day, that his man was gone to conduct a lunatic to the house, and not suspecting an attempt on my part, he ventured alone with my food. He was no sooner in the room than, with a sudden spring, I threw myself upon him, and both fell to the ground; I disengaged myself in a moment, leaped down the stairs, scarcely touching the steps, and flew to the door—it was fastened. I ran to the parlour, but the windows were grated; I seized one of the bars, and with a convulsive grasp (despair adding to my strength) shook it in the socket, and the next effort found it in my hands, the brick-work, which was old and rotten, having given way. I heard the keeper hastening down stairs as fast as his hurt would allow, for he had received a violent contusion on the head; but I was now provided with a weapon, and resolved to die rather than return. With one or two strokes I demolished the glass and wood-work, darting myself through into the garden. I was severely cut, but that was a matter of little consideration, and I advanced to the main gate.

The

The keeper had opened the door, exerting himself to overtake me; at the same time his servant and several stout men, with the new comer, entered the gate, and seeing my situation, prepared to seize me.

“I am determined,” cried I, brandishing the iron bar, “either to escape or perish on the spot. Let me see the man who dares advance to touch me.” One of them ran away to the house, the others standing at a respectful distance; but the gate being fastened, I doubted my ability to open it, proceeding with caution, lest they should take advantage behind.

They were not, however, willing to enter within the range of my arm, amusing themselves with my vain endeavours at the gate, till the person who had run to the house returned with a long rope. I had no conception of their design, until I found it thrown over me, and my high hopes of escape, together with myself, stretched upon the ground.

It was impossible now to act on the defensive; my bar was wrenched away, and after being severely horse-whipt, I was pinioned, and dragged back to my room, amidst the curses of the keeper and his man, and expressions of horror at my outrageous attempt from those who were now convinced that I was raving mad, and who spread it round the country that I had knocked down the keeper with my hand, and severely bit him; that I had leaped out at a window, breaking in my way the iron bars and the frame; that I had snapped with my hands a large bar of iron, and vaulted like a monkey from the ground to the top of a gate nine feet high.

Thus was the country imposed on; and thus was I treated with more barbarity, by means of my father, than a malefactor in the dungeons of a prison.

From this high ferment of spirits I sunk into absolute dejection; and the only sense of feeling I was capable of, arose from my bruises and the lashes

lashes I had received. I fancied that to think of living in these torments would be folly, and that I might plant a dagger never to be removed from the bosom of my father, by ending at once my existence.

I sat musing over this reflection in a corner, bringing to mind all the virtuous examples I could remember amongst the ancients, who had dared to pass the mist which hides this world from the next, and felt myself called on to imitate their example. Who, said I, can call that cowardice which is the greatest act of courage? And let the famous action of Cato, so much controverted, be taken in its true light: he saw that to live could not possibly benefit his country; for he had exhausted every exertion. His brave soul would not wait to contemplate the destruction impending; not that he could fear for himself, as Cæsar would have been proud to acknowledge him as a friend: but how could he behold the glory of ages expire—the slavery of so mighty an empire commence! He turned

away from the fight, and would not witness what he could not prevent.

As to injuring society, that argument could not apply to me. What father, mother, relation, or dependent, would be injured by my death? even the Hansons themselves might be benefited, as their persecution would fall to the ground. 'Twas true I broke through the laws in destroying an individual from society; but that individual was myself; and I inflicted on myself the punishment of death. Thus I at once should commit one of the greatest crimes known amongst men, and suffer the punishment of the law in my own person. And if in a moral sense there was a crime, it was a crime done against myself, and not against another, and therefore to myself I must answer.

To destroy the existence of another was the greatest outrage; but surely I might do as I pleased with my own. In this manner I reasoned, till convinced that no crimination could attach;

attach ; and strengthened my resolution, by recollecting that Samson prayed for strength to shake down a house upon himself, and that thus strength was given him to murder his enemies and commit suicide.

The anguish of my wounds was in some degree blunted by the knowledge that I could quickly find a remedy ; and if I delayed, it was not to be convinced of the rectitude, or to give force to my resolution, but to indulge my appetite for revenge, in contemplating the remorse of my father and my uncle, when the only heir to all their high honours should leave them to feast alone on titles and guineas. Beside I had not determined my mode of departure. My hands were bound behind me, and not to be disengaged without extreme pain, they being lacerated with broken glass. I had no cup of hemlock or opium to lull me to eternal slumbers. I had no poignard to open at once a passage from life ; and the only way left me, was to dash my head against the wall.

I waited till the revolving hours had shrouded the earth in darkness; I looked out at the window but no object was visible, nor any thing to be heard, but the rushing of the wind through the trees. "O Eliza!" sighed I, "O, unfortunate fair! shall we indeed never, never, meet again? Is it true, that all our fond schemes are dreams of air, and that my soul is about to depart from this world, which seemed once so enticing and cheerful? But to where am I going, what unknown mode of existence am I about to assume? How little is there between this miserable certainty of being, and that which no fancy can reach to?—Adieu! then, for ever. O, beloved Eliza; adieu! should it be for ever and ever."

I closed my eyes, I ceased reflection, I roused my whole soul to take its flight, and bending myself, ran with violence against the opposite wall; had it been stone, or indeed firm, my purpose would have been effected, but being only lath and plaster, I fell, stunned and insensible into another apartment. The keeper and

two men quickly hastened to the spot, concluding by the blood flowing from my face, that I had *done the job*. They were under great apprehensions lest they should be called to account, but as I gave some signs of life, they applied their universal specific the horse-whip, and soon recovered me to a sense of feeling.

It was thought proper that my father should be acquainted with the accident ; in the mean time I was unbound, and conveyed to another room. The blood I had lost, and the free circulation now allowed by liberating my hands, effectually restored my senses, though I was too weak even to turn on the bed. My father had been instantly sent for, and arriving before day, went first to examine the damage I had done the wall, and then with a stern inexorable frown, entered the room where I lay.

“O ho ! my bear,” said he, “ what, we shall tame you at last, and all that—are you not tired resisting my will? How do you like a taste

of Roman discipline, and that there? don't you remember those worthies had a power of life and death over their children? Aye, and lets see, there was your Vidius Pollis who ordered one of his slaves to be cut down to mince meat, to feed some fishes in his pond; these are your nobles."

"Sir," said I, making an effort to answer, "though my body is half destroyed in attempts to gain that liberty you have so meanly taken away, and by the base treatment of those demons you have placed over me, my determination is unshaken. Whilst I breathe the breath of life, I will spurn against tyranny.—There are limits of obedience to all degrees and connections—have not I given up to your direction the days of my life since I had a will? In obedience to you, have I not obeyed the commands of an uncle as a parent? Have I ever opposed your authority but in this point, which is to influence me through life? And do you think you or any man existing shall for a whim link me to positive

tive misery?—No, sir; you may torment, you may kill, but you shall never overcome.”

“ I will,” cried he, with vehemence and stamping on the ground, “ who art thou? I will! Do you think that I who have driven many starving families from their sheds, to shelter under the falling snows; who have plunged the cottager in the damp dungeon for rent; who exact the last farthing from the labourer, to be enabled to live independent and free, will regard the headstrong passions of a boy, and that, no!—the struggle between us is for power, and though like a Roman, I cannot instantly destroy you, yet I can heap upon you vengeance higher than the clouds.”

I smiled at those threats without answering. I lost all reverence for a man who had destroyed the tie of kindred, and determined in my own mind, if I regained my freedom, to set myself up against his measures of oppression, and blaze to the world the baseness of his character. He

flung out of the room; leaving orders that I was to be strictly guarded, for if I was allowed to escape, he would make the country too hot to hold him.—“ I warrant your honour,” replied the man, “ though he’s a desperate chap we’ll hold him tight, suppose we was to clap a little bit of a chain upon him.—“ I leave him, and all that there to you,” said my father, “ I shall send Flint to dress his wounds.”

The spirit of some might have drooped at these accumulated sufferings, but I was only roused to overcome. The tortures of my mind, when reflection glanced towards Eliza, were great, but if I had hitherto failed in my efforts to escape, I considered that what does not happen at one time may at another. The agonies of my body were lessened by calling to mind the sufferings of ancient heroes, and that whilst able to sustain them, I became more inured to hardship, and of consequence more able to endure oppression.

My

My desire of death was cooled, by remembering that it was in my power to bestow my little estate and annuity on Eliza, which in case of my death without a will, would only add to the power of my father.

The accidental discovery that all the walls were not solid, inspired me with hope of sometime turning it to advantage. When left alone, I examined the room where I lay, in which some carpenters had been at work, and amongst the shavings I found a chisel which to me was a prize of inestimable value.

I concealed it in the bed that it might not be found amongst my clothes, which they had more than once examined, and plundered of all the little articles of value. For a month I was confined to the bed by my wounds, and then only recovered by the native vigour of my constitution: Dr. Flint having contented himself with two visits, and my keepers none of the most indulgent. Being considered as a charge of

L 6

trust,

trust, and one who might give them much trouble, I was removed as soon as well able to stand, into a room in the centre of the house without any window, and denominated the dungeon. A log of wood was fastened to my leg by a chain, making a noise as I moved, and was indeed soon taken away, for not being delicate of their repose, and frequently leaping and walking to keep myself in exercise, it disturbed the whole house. In its place was substituted a chain of five feet length, a burden more intolerable than any thing I had hitherto suffered, being now unable to take sufficient exercise.

The darkness of the room, the entrance of light being confined to a small aperture over the door, I considered as an advantage towards facilitating my design of escape, and when my strength was sufficiently repaired, I began by founding the walls round me, having fortunately secured the chisel. Two sides were solid, the third was the door, and the fourth received the chisel, being only lath and plaster. It was necessary

cessary before I could act with freedom, to liberate myself from the chain, and not being able to divide the links, I laboured to wrench the staple from the floor. The night after this discovery, I was awakened by a noise near me. I raised my head from the floor to listen, and could plainly distinguish the voices of several persons. Satisfied with this, as the house was often in confusion from the outcries of the maniacs and the oaths of the keepers, I was laying down again, when I perceived a light reflect against the wall, opposite the hole I had made with the chisel. My attention was instantly excited, I arose with caution, and placing my eye against the wall, could distinguish several ill-looking men with the keeper and his servants. I listened, gathering from their discourse, that amongst other worthy purposes, the house was a rendezvous for thieves, who were now met to divide their plunder,

“Dash

"Dash my glims," said one, "Cyphon's a rum dog to keep this here son of his'n in quod for nothing at all."

"O by the holy vairgin," replied another; "but this is nathing at all, at all, to the trimming he's giv'n to parson Hanson; and dan't ye remember old Sinifon, that, that limb of the devil's own first begaten, Lord D—— sent to purgatory—there's as pratty a pair of jewels as we'll see in Kilkenny on a summer's day."

"Non o'your blarney," cried the keeper; "no tales, or you know what"—"And what then," cried the Irishman, "may'nt we be silent amongst friends? Arrah! but dan't ye remember how the claret ran when we gave him the word to stand?"

I was too much affected by this horrid description, and the hints they had dropped of Hanson to remain silent. I uttered an ejaculation, and clapped my hands to my forehead.—One of the
thieves

thieves started up, and believing they were overheard, fired a pistol in a moment through the wainscot, swearing he would be the death of whoever was there.

“ There’s only young Cyphon,” said the keeper, “ and he can’t have heard us ; let’s see, however, that the spark is not endeavouring to get out again.”—I summoned my presence of mind to the exigency, and laying myself down whilst they were going round, feigned to be dreaming.—“ What !” cried I, the moment the door opened, “ is my imprisonment to last for ever ? Ten years already gone. But I tell you it won’t do, I will escape, I will tear off my chains.” At the same time I seemed to struggle in my sleep, which so effectually deceived the thieves, that they laughed heartily at the adventure ; the one who had fired the pistol, swearing, that had he found me awake, I should have taken a peep into the world below ; for these people seldom think of the world above.

CHAP. X.

SLEEP for that night no more closed my eyes; there was something so shocking in being at the mercy of those wretches, and the narrow escape I had had, that my spirits considerably fell, and seemed to subside from high toned despair, to a fullness of disposition, that brooded on misery. I was angry at the want of some judicial enquiry into those places, where a paltry licence was sufficient title to erect a partial bastille, and where private power had the liberty to play the tyrant. Undoubtedly, every magistrate should examine the chambers of wretchedness, and see that no son of misfortune is mingled with those who suffer the greatest human calamity, in a deprivation of reason.

The alarm I had given to this nocturnal junto, pointed to the keeper the inconvenience of

of my remaining longer in the same cell, and the next day I was removed into one of the remotest chambers in the upper story, the door of which was secured by two strong chains on the outside. To judge of the pleasure I received from again entering day-light, and breathing the air as it sighed through the gratings, you must like me have known its privation, though my situation was very far removed from that of those who pine out their days in darkness and noisome damps, with a mind loaded, perhaps, with crimes, and no prospect in advance but the punishment of law.

My first design was to unrivet the bars and leap out, but the height exhibited the folly of such a scheme, as I must have been inevitably dashed in pieces. I examined the walls, and found them all solid; thus no hopes of immediate escape appeared, and I sat down to reflect and repine.

Several

Several days rolled away in uniformity, during which I fruitlessly attempted to bring over the keeper, and with much difficulty prevailed on him to convey a letter to my father and uncle. I thought policy, at least, warranted some little deceit, and I attempted to soften them by a recital of my sufferings, and a promise, that though I would not marry whom they should appoint, neither would I one without their consent.

My uncle returned no answer, and my father only a triumph over my condescension. "I was a fool," said I, on reading the paper, "to think of softening those monsters of the creation, whose hearts are harder than adamant." I now gave up expectation of release till their death, and with tears in my eyes spent whole hours gazing on those landscapes where all was gay, and where the inhabitants ranged without suspicion of my sufferings.

How

How often did I wish I had been the son of a peasant, whose daily labour supplies the miserable morsel of life, and whose round of existence is only tempered by breathing the breezes of the morn, and a kiss of some sun-burnt damsel at night; but as for me, the common consolation in wretchedness was denied, and the only semblances I beheld, like myself, were a disgrace to the form of humanity. All my sentiments took a melancholy turn; I reviewed in my mind the actions of men, and sighed at their innumerable follies; for whilst they flattered themselves as being next in gradation to angels, to me they appeared beneath the excellencies of brutality.

One night when my thoughts were too confused, too distracted to lose themselves in repose, and my sleepless eye wandered through the gloom of a half obscured moon, I heard a voice beneath my window, that sung a plaintive air so sweet, that all my attention was fixed. I listened for some time to catch the words, and perceived

ceived that it was repeated again and again, like those notes, which having struck upon the mind, return by mechanical action. What, therefore, I could not make out at first, a second and third hearing supplied.

I.

- The silent hour of midnight reigns,
And he whose heart is free from care,
Hears not the soul that deep complains,
Nor in its murmurs takes a share.
The sighing winds, the trembling breeze,
A moment stay to hear my woes ;
Then softly flutter through the trees,
And leave the foliage to repose.

II.

Seduced by flattery's silver tongue,
The tempter Man beheld and smiled,
And while the syren sweetly sung,
My heart by simpering love was guiled.
But left forlorn on earth's wild waste,
Shame's mourning daughter ; then was I
Shunn'd by the virtuous, and the chaste,
Alone to weep, alone to sigh.

- This song may be had, set to music, at G. Walker's,
No. 106, Great Portland Street.

III. But

III.

But ah! ye maids, some pity give
To her whom softness led astray,
And by a silent tear, relieve
The breast where many sorrows lay.
And O, ye fates! tho' hard be mine,
Return not evil on his head—
But all your kindly powers combine,
To measure blessings in its stead.

There was something so enthusiastic, so far above nature in the concluding verse, that I admired the sentiments, though I could not imitate them—but hers was an injury from a lover. It was the true spirit of goodness, yet it was the soft weakness of feminine failing, which yet lingered and loved the destruction she sunk under. The tone of her voice, trembling in its notes, was like that of Eliza when she falteringly answered my enquiries; but Eliza had loved only me. By me she had not suffered except in a secondary degree, and the horror this reflection at first excited, subsided into that enthusiasm of grief, which exalts the soul to heaven, and touches on madness.

I half

I half envied the fair insensible, who, like the bird of night, sung over the story of her loves in mournful melody; for whilst her song touched afresh all her sorrows, reason was employed, and her mind delighted in the tale.

I remembered this young woman, who had been the pride of the village, the Chloe of the swains, and the envy of the maids. She had been seduced by a young gentleman, and on his marriage with another, became melancholy, and at length so delirious, that his friends, to prevent the odium of the village, placed her in this house; where her more lucid intervals were spent in repeating this dirge, in weeping, and in watching the clouds, in whose varying forms her deranged fancy portrayed a variegation of images.

Such was the short and common history of this, and ten thousand British maids, who like fruit exposed to an unkindly aspect, drop from the boughs ere they attain maturity; who, for
the

the gratification of man, are condemned to repine through life, lost to the end of creation, a burden to themselves, and a sorrow to others. I sat down to trace this evil to the source, and beheld a multiplication of corruption: I saw a wide extending theory of reform, but to practise required the skill of divinity, and a renovation of morality and maxims.

This single incident, however, furnished me with a long range of amusements, serving to wear away the hours. I placed myself at the commencement of society. I formed laws, and traced up their consequences; but I found in all the weakness of human nature, concluding with Solomon, that nothing was perfect beneath the sun. I compared the monarchical with the republican, the oligarchical with the representative; and I found, that in the administration of either, but one thing was wanting to render each a blessing to the people, and that was, men of integrity and virtue; without this, the one
only

only differed from the other by a line in the scale of oppression.

Tired at length with forming plans never to be realized; and remembering that the ingratitude of the people usually first singled out those as victims who attempted to instruct them, I turned my thoughts from legislation again to consider the means of escape.

I observed, that if I could cut away the lock, I might open the door, as it turned inward, and thence descend to the ground floor. Thus I might probably escape, or sell my liberty dear; for, provided with my chissel and resolution, I considered myself nearly equal to the keeper and his man.

I wondered this design had not presented itself sooner; and pleased myself by reflecting, that the simplest means, though mostly the best, are generally overlooked at first, in search of complexity. I waited the encrease of the moon,
that

that its light might shine on my labour, fearing otherwise to lose my way in a house of so many turnings, and likewise to prevent that timidity attending darkness always inspires, owing to the impossibility of warding impending danger.

One night, when the full moon rose with brilliancy in the heavens, I began my exertions, in a few minutes cutting round the lock, and then with my arm forcing the bolts on the outside, I entered the landing. All was profoundly silent, and exulting in the prospect of liberty, I hastened towards the great hall. My ardour here received a check from a door, newly put up at the foot of the stairs, and plated with iron. I must either now return, or think instantly on some grand attempt. To force the door was impossible; and to convince them of my spirit more than hopes of escape, I began to tear up the stair, though obliged to work low, in fear of alarm. In less than an hour, I had cut

through two steps, and taken up the lathing beneath, so as to be able to descend into a sort of lumber place under the stairs. It was ten minutes at least before I could grope out the door, but then it was easily opened, and I now raised my eyes with pleasure to that light, whose brilliance seemed to encrease at my efforts.

Perfectly collected in myself, I removed many heavy pieces of furniture from beneath the stair, planting them so as at least to retard the opening of the door, in case they should awake, proceeding with encreasing confidence to unfasten the door. This was a labour of herculean greatness, and 'from the hardness of the wood, and little progress I made, of too great length for the shortness of my time. I hastened therefore to open the door into the garden, but found it equally impossible to raise it off the hinges, or cut round the lock, and was obliged to have recourse to the more tedious way of cutting out the square pannel, which was the labour of another hour.

Once

Once more I stretched out my arms beneath the open heavens. I leaped from the ground to be convinced of my absolute freedom, and almost forgot, in the excess of my joy, that I had yet a very high wall to pass. I hastened towards it with the exultation of a conqueror who believes himself invincible; but one moment overthrew my hopes, for being too intent, I had no guard on my steps, and was thrown over the trunk of a tree, with a shock that stunned me, and dislocated my ankle, at the same time the chissel severely wounded my hand.

I found it impossible to move, any other than by creeping into a row of bushes, where I lay down to wait the arrival of my keepers, endeavouring to sooth my mind with their fears at my having eluded their vigilance. I repined not at this near view of escape, because my mind had ceased to expect much of fortune, and I considered that I might hereafter profit by this experience.

The first who descended in the morning, discovered the destruction of the stairs, and instantly suspecting it was I who had escaped, hastened to be satisfied, in his way calling up the principal. I was quickly traced through the hole in the door, and could perceive them running to and fro, with fury in their looks, imprecating curses on me for outwitting them, and on themselves for having taken off my chain. They passed me several times, repeating, that I must certainly be gone, and that they had nothing now to do but fly for it, as Squire Cyphon would certainly hang them.

“No, no, my friends,” cried I, “here I am, safe as a bird in a net. I had only a mind to take a little walk by moon-light.”—“By my soul, and so you are here,” said the keeper. “You’re a d—d comical fellow: but if you take any more walks by moon-light, may my neck be stretched as long as a ~~sheep~~.”

In

In their joy at recovering me so easily, they kindly informed me, that they forgave me a good round dozen ; and that I might not destroy their sleep by apprehension in future, fastened me by a chain, rivetted into the wall. The elevation of the room, rendered it the most secure, and therefore I was remanded to my old lodging, and obliged to suffer their jests whilst the door was repaired, and plated with iron.

“ Now, master rat,” said the keeper, “ you may nibble as you like ; I warrant we’ve fixed you in a trap you won’t on a sudden get out on.”—“ You think so,” said I, smiling. “ Do you believe I value that door ? No, no ; when I please to take a walk, it will open at command. Do you think all your hammering, and bolts, and chains, will keep me ? No, my good friend ; did I chuse it, I would shake the house about your ears, and fly away in a mist.”

This vaunt created a burst of laughter ; and I was left to my own reflections, My chief

means of escape was lost with my chissel, for now I had not a single moveable, except a plate and an old nail, was fastened by a heavy chain, and fixed by gratings, in a room four story high.

To augment the sufferings of confinement, a man totally delirious was my neighbour, who disturbed my repose, day and night, by his howlings and cries. Sometimes I was awakened by loud cries of murder and fire; then again my feelings were torn by the bitterest complaints and petitions for mercy. But what created in me the greatest horror, was the daily stripes he endured from the savages who had him in care. At these times he would fancy himself under the hands of Indian tormentors, and gave loose to every threat of horrid retaliation his mind could suggest. At times he would fancy himself the general of an army, and then the whole apartment rang with huzzas, shouts, and commands. He would order his men to the right, enflank, and to the charge; he would imitate

imitate the shouts of contending armies, the shrieks of the wounded, the groans of the dying, and the exultations of the victorious. His hands and feet supplied drums and cannon, and scarcely one hour did he allow to broken slumbers.

At first I was distracted and fretted at his interruptions. Sometimes I caught the madness of his spirit, and partook in his triumphs, answering shout for shout, and clinking my chain: but his complaints I was least able to bear, and often started with involuntary horror. He would feign himself a madman in distress; he would weep with the bitterest moanings and lamentations. Then again he mourned over some murdered friend, or field of battle, where he would describe the situations of the dead.

The vigilance with which I was observed, gave me uneasiness; and remembering that many things had been accomplished by feigned insanity, I began to talk wildly at the approach

of the servants, threatening to tear them in pieces if they came near, often grinning, and starting up in fury. I imitated the howlings of my neighbour so nearly that I imposed upon them; and my father was informed that my brain was actually disordered. He was not, however, to be moved by pity; and the only advantage I gained, was now and then a round horse-whipping, and fewer visits, being only looked at once a day.

The chain was an intolerable load; but recollecting that water, which is the softest of fluids, by constantly dropping, will perforate marble of the closest texture, I set about wearing away the ring with the old nail, a broken edge of the plate serving for a whetstone. I laboured day after day, with a patience nothing could overcome.

An accident now brought to my view a near approach of liberty, by presenting an opportunity which might not again occur in the life of man.

man. A storm of dreadful violence had greatly damaged the opposite side of the building, the lightning having so cracked the wall, that the whole was in danger of falling, and was supported with props till a scaffold could be erected.

I had freed myself from the chain, which I now only assumed as the hour of my visit came round, and my affected madness prevented suspicion. I therefore began to work, to remove a bar that ran across the chimney, but as it was fixed at the building of the house, my strength and skill were equally vain; and I had recourse to the more tedious method of cutting away the brick-work, which I was obliged to moulder gradually, by means of my rusty nail and the rims of my buckles. The dust I delivered to the winds, and so much rubbish being about the grounds, no notice was taken.

Thus perseverance rewarded my labour, by opening a passage to the top of the house, and considering this as the last effort I should probably

bly ever have opportunity to make, I undertook it with the coolness of political foresight. I calculated my chances on either side. The exigences of pursuit, and the means of defence, forming a train of events which was to lead me to liberty.

As my last attempt had been by moon-light, this I postponed till the nights should be dark, the better to sink all traces of my flight in oblivion; and as chance often favours undertakings of boldness, so it happened, that the night I had marked for my flight, was particularly stormy, and so dark, that not a star could be seen through the clouds, nor any object at a trifle of distance.

Undismayed by the howlings of the wind, or the descending torrents of rain, which indeed, to me sounded like the rough music that inspired the soul to arduous exploits, I made my way to the top of the house, under a heavy cannonade in the room of the madman, but the wind raged with so much violence, that unable

to stand against its power in so exposed a situation, I crept on my hands and knees to where the scaffold was erected, but was unable to discern any part attached to the house.

I waited with inconceivable anxiety, drenched in rain and benumbed by cold; but it was impossible to suggest an expedient to descend, and my ardent hopes were beginning to flag, when a blaze of lightning flashed through the dreadful darkness streaming along the horizon, and presenting to my view a ladder reaching to the first landing of the scaffold; in a second, the thunder muttered at a distance, and whilst it advanced in tremendous loudness, and burst in various directions over head, I descended, the whole pile of building trembling beneath me. A flood of rain now poured down, but the chief difficulty was over, the rest of my way to the ground being comparatively easy. I had no time to lose in seeking shelter from its violence, advancing cautiously towards the gate.

I admired

I admired the wonderful effect of the thunder, which was, perhaps, the chief means of my escape, in its terrific effects on the dog which ranged the yard; he ventured indeed to mutter in an under growl, but a loud roll which rattled through the clouds, tamed him to silence, and brought him crouching to my feet for protection. Inspired with fresh courage by the circumstance, I quietly advanced to the gate, easily getting over by means of the bars. I cast a look of exultation on the prison I had quitted, rejoicing that I was again free from the circle of infernal power.

My former elevation checked my ardour. I reflected that much remained yet to be done, and that before day I must be far from this land of proscription. My clothes retarded my progress by their weight, and stopping when I had ran myself out of breath, I cast my eye round the howling wilderness, to consider in what point I could find security. I longed to visit the cottage of Mr. Hanson. My feet almost mechanically

nically followed the impulse of my soul, but so rash an enterprize was diverted by reflecting, that now the inhabitants who had once smiled within its walls, were too probably wanderers like myself.

I trembled lest my pursuers should be already after me, and considering that if they should not discover my flight before morning, they would probably first acquaint my father, and then proceed to my estate; I took the road directly leading from both.

I travelled with speed for some hours, now starting at the creaking of the bushes moved by the wind, then fancying I could distinguish the sound of a chaise and the clattering of horses, through the roaring of the tempest, or that I was about to plunge into a torrent. At length I distinctly heard the jingle of bells, the shrill sound passing with clearness, but as to me the sight of any human being was dangerous, I hastily

tily left the main road, without considering I had the advantage of speed.

I had scarcely gone a hundred yards, when I heard the rushing of water, I judged it to be some little stream crossing the road, and carefully searched for the plank. I found it, but the stream was so encreased, that every wave dashed over it, rendering the passage extremely difficult. But of any danger not proceeding from man, I had little regard, being famillar with suffering. I advanced, however, with caution; having to grope my steps, when I heard, or fancied I heard the voice of a man on the opposite bank.

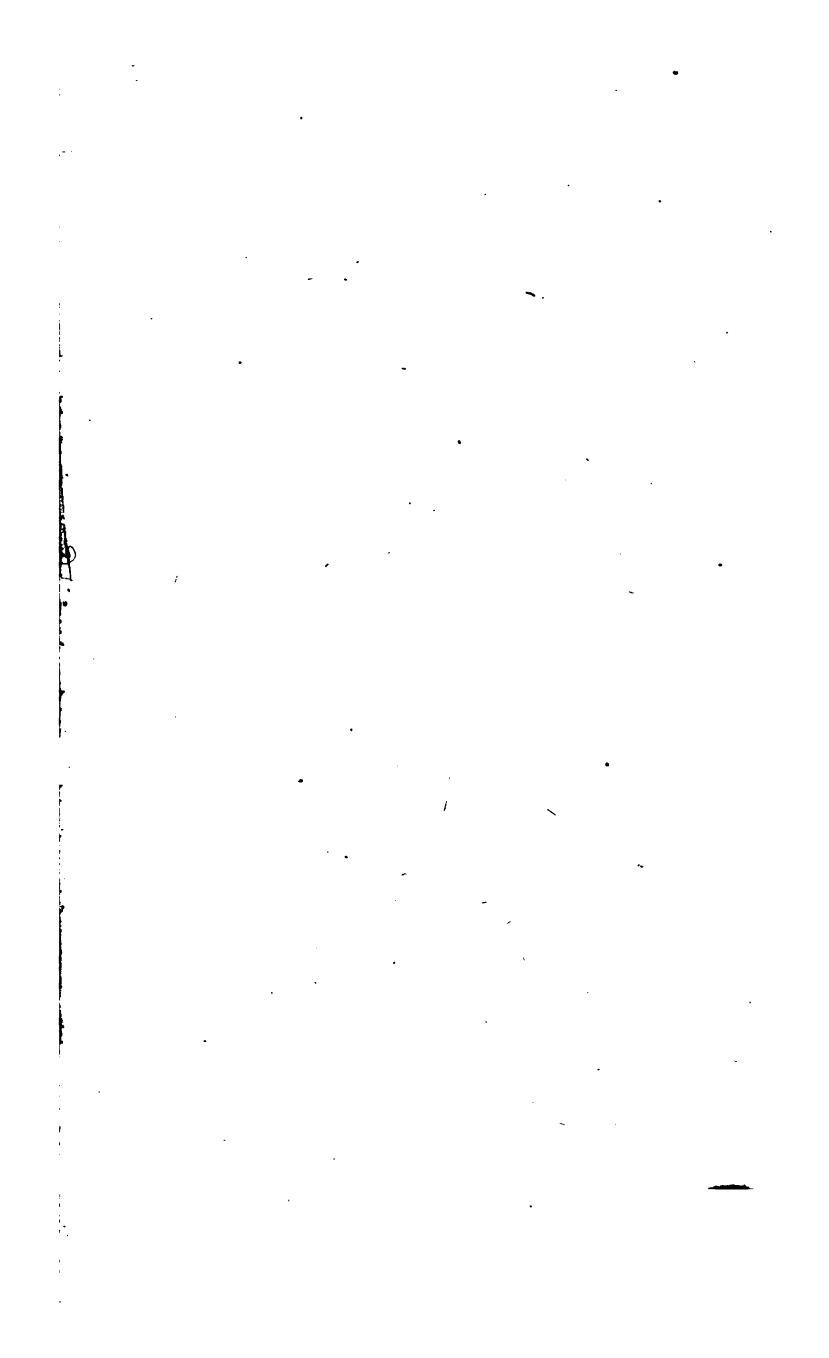
Had it been the keeper or my father, the effect could not have been greater. I shuddered all over, and without reflection, plunged at once into the stream. I was a practised swimmer, or my sufferings would have been ended; for so strong was the current, that it required every effort, not to stem it, but to be carried down without sinking. My strength was nearly exhausted,

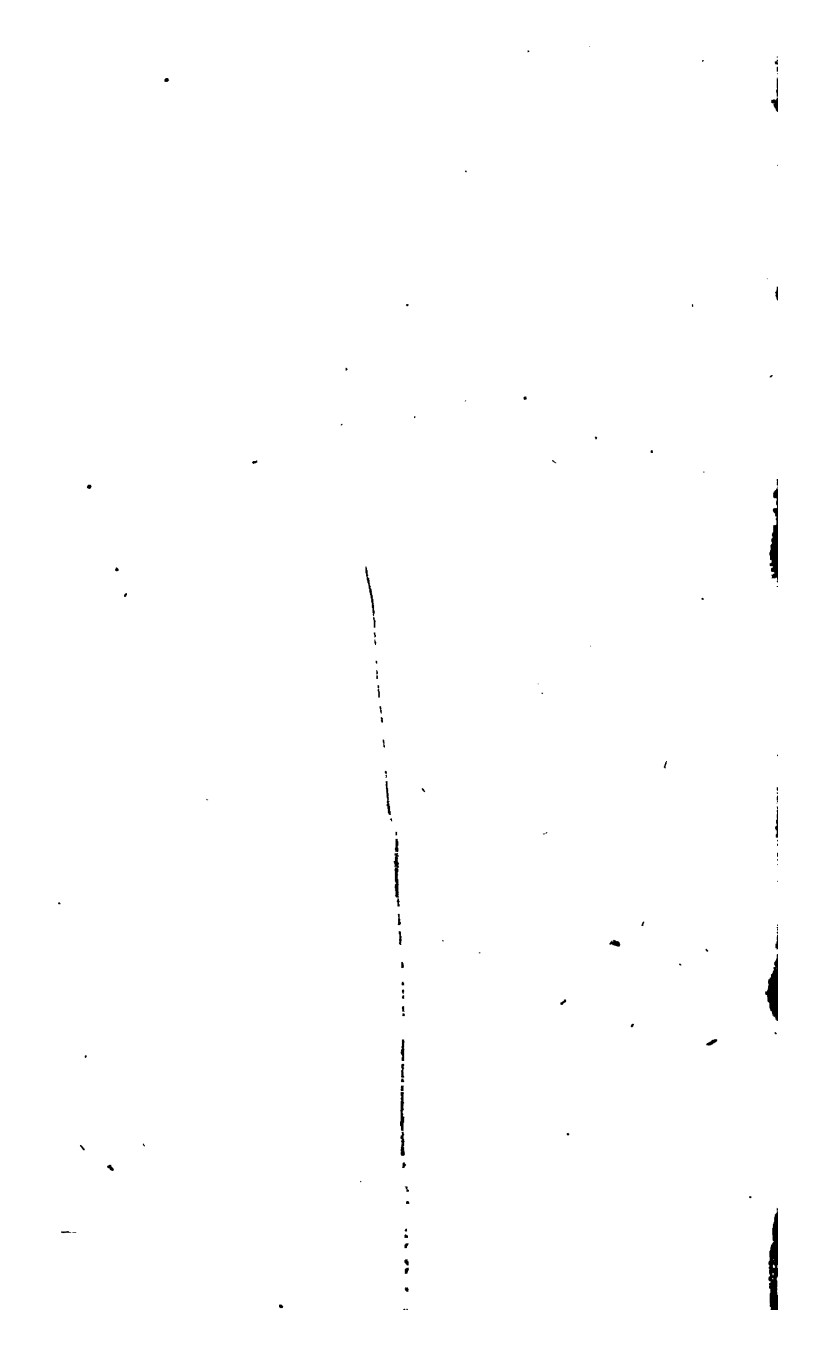
exhausted, and I had in the instant of weariness, brought the argument to a conclusion, that life was not worth so much exertion ; when I was dashed with violence against a tree, which projected over the stream ; half insensible, I instinctively clasped my arms round it, and in a state of mind resting between life and death, with equal indifference, I fixed myself amongst its branches, unable to make another effort.

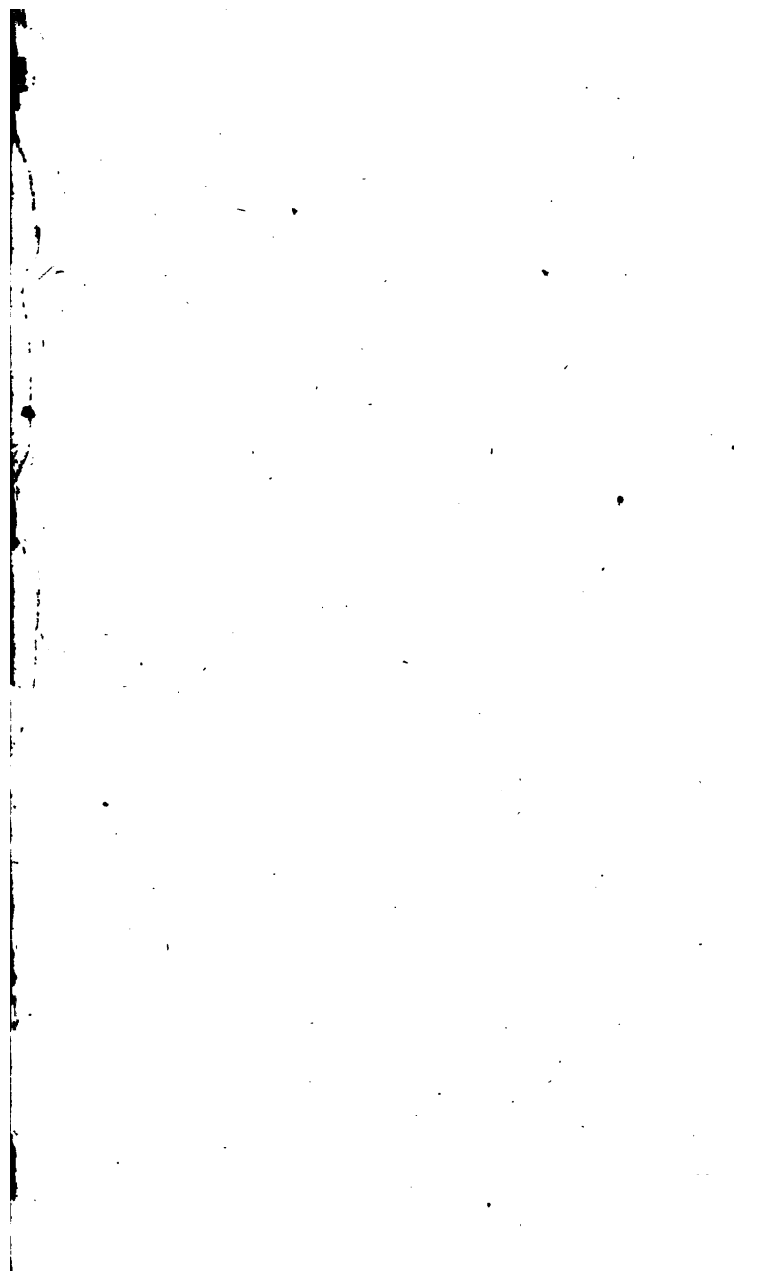
END OF VOL. I.

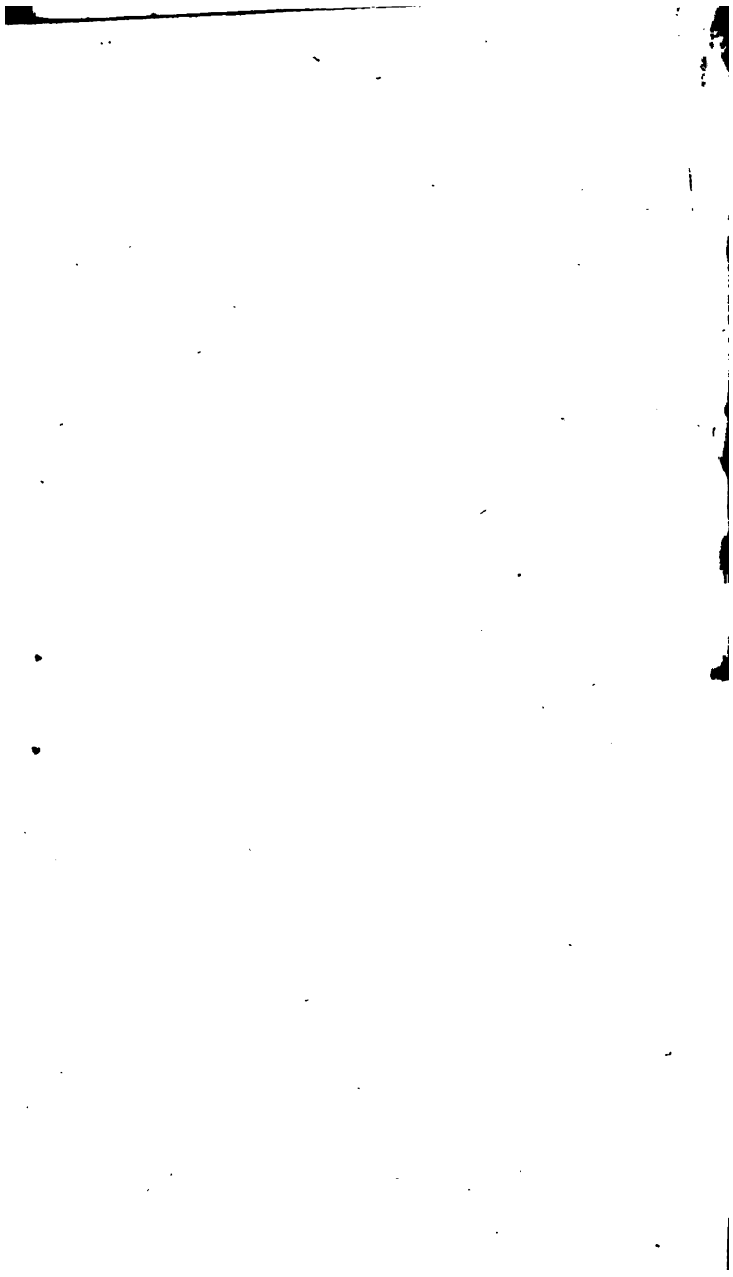
REPORT OF THE

COMMISSIONER OF THE
BUREAU OF THE CENSUS
ON THE
CENSUS OF 1900
AND
ON THE
CENSUS OF 1910
AND
ON THE
CENSUS OF 1920
AND
ON THE
CENSUS OF 1930
AND
ON THE
CENSUS OF 1940
AND
ON THE
CENSUS OF 1950
AND
ON THE
CENSUS OF 1960
AND
ON THE
CENSUS OF 1970
AND
ON THE
CENSUS OF 1980
AND
ON THE
CENSUS OF 1990
AND
ON THE
CENSUS OF 2000
AND
ON THE
CENSUS OF 2010
AND
ON THE
CENSUS OF 2020









UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



3 9015 02717 9251

